THE CHICAGO CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

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A. O. H. GOSSIP.

Interesting Visit of Brother F. W. Reilly, State Secretary of Wisconsin, to Division 17—Three Divisions to go to Communion in a Body.

Pleasant Reunion of Division 16—An Interesting Debate—"Smoke Talk" of Div. 37—Other Matters of Interest.

Div. 17 had the pleasure of receiving a visit from Brother F. W. Reilly, state secretary of Wisconsin, on Sunday the 9th inst. The hall was well filled, and those present appreciated the stirring address delivered by the distinguished visitor. Brother Reilly expressed himself as well pleased with the results of his visits to the divisions of Cook county. He said he seldom found such interest in the work of the Order as was displayed by officers and rank and file of those divisions whose meetings he attended. He predicted a great future for the Order and urged the members to extend its sphere of usefulness. The speech was much applauded. It was announced that on May 23 Divs. 20, 4 and 17 will approach holy communion in a body at All Saints church, corner Twenty-fifth Place and Wallace street, at 9 o'clock mass, and it is expected that no member of any of the divisions mentioned will be absent. It is hoped that as many as possible of the brothers of other divisions will also participate on the occasion and help to swell the numbers.

The same day Brother Reilly called on Div. 16, and was received by a large and enthusiastic meeting. Five candidates were initiated and tested in the second degree. Brother Reilly, under "Good of the Order," spoke in eloquent terms on the work and growth of the Order. He warmly complimented the division on the calibre and energy of its membership, urging active work for the purpose of spreading the doctrines of the society and increasing its influence. Brothers Gaughan and Feeney sang some good old Irish songs as only true sons of the soil can. Brother James A. Flanagan, the tireless president of No. 16, submitted the suggestion of offering a prize for the greatest number of propositions. An earnest debate resulted in the adoption of a motion donating a gold badge to every member who would bring in five members before Jan. 1, 1898. The demand for forms of application proved the idea found a responsive echo in every heart present, and we may expect a large increase in the membership of Div. 16 in the near future. Brother Fanning distributed his collection of certificates of membership and his generosity touched the heart of the most hardened as they folded it away in memory of his graceful and characteristic gift.

Div. 37 had a crowded house when County President Henely arrived at their hall on Thursday the 13th inst., and the address delivered by the worthy officer was warmly applauded. No. 37 has grown almost beyond its limits, thanks to the exertions of Brothers Dohney, Frank Ryan, Dr. McNamara, M. H. Hoey and the good workers at their back. State President Keating called attention to the demonstration on June 20, and urged a full attendance of every member.

Div. 36 had a "smoke talk" on Friday, the 14th inst., and were favored with the presence of many prominent Hibernians. Brother Reilly, of Wisconsin, County President L. Henely, John Bigane and M. Larney, of No. 27, J. A. Flanagan of 16, Hugh McNally and J. O'Neill of 26, J. E. Long of 13, J. P. Dohney of 37, P. Heelan of 30, J. Thomas and P. O'Shea of 19, P. Spallon and J. Grady of 2, P. Ryan and J. Clifford of 33, and M. Fanning of 12, were among those present. County President Henely, on behalf of Div. 36, presented Brother M. J. Hanly with a solid gold badge, suitably inscribed, for having brought in the largest number of members since Jan. 1. Splendid addresses were delivered by Brother Reilly and others. The evening's programme was varied with songs and recitations of excellent selection, and No. 36 held its reputation for hospitality intact. Eleven candidates were initiated with all due ceremony, and we look forward to No. 36 reaching the century mark before the year closes.

The euchre party given by Div. 28 at DeSoto hall, last Saturday evening, was a decided success, as those who were fortunate enough to be present will testify. The ladies' prize was won by Mrs. Nellie Cullen, and the gentlemen's by Brother D. Ryan Twomey. The feature of the evening was the challenge 45 game played by Ald. John Powers, Harry Fleming and Galvin, of the Cook County Marching club, and others, against Div. 28. Excitement was at fever heat when the last game was played off, and Messrs. E. O'Callaghan, P. S. Quinlan and B. P. Warren, of Div. 28, were declared the champions and carried off the prizes. The visiting gentlemen took their defeat gallantly and expressed their gratification at having contributed to the evening's enjoyment, and also challenged the champions of Div. 28 to a game at the Cook County club rooms, which was accepted. Too much praise cannot be given the committee, consisting of Brothers John Foley, F. T. Nichol, Thomas E. Nichol, William Sheridan, William Ryan, B. P. Warren, T. P. Boyle, Martin O'Meara, James Tracy, D. J. Ryan, John Flanagan, William O'Shea, Henry Meade and John T. Cox, for the interest taken and the way they discharged their various duties. MOR.

OBITUARY.

MR. JOHN MONTAGUE.

We are sorry to announce to the readers of THE CITIZEN the death of John Montague, of the firm of Montague Bros., who died Monday, May 10. The funeral took place Thursday, May 13, from his late residence 347 West Monroe street to St. Patrick's church, where high mass was celebrated, and from there to Mount Olivet cemetery where the interment took place. The deceased was born in County Tyrone, Ireland, Sept. 4, 1869, and came to this country in 1887.

MR. PIERCE SMIDDY.

Funeral services over the remains of Mr. Pierce Smiddy, who died at his home, 134 Thirteenth street, Friday morning of last week, were held Monday from St. James' Catholic church, Thirtieth street and Wabash avenue, Rev. Father McGuire officiating. A large number of friends and a delegation from the Catholic Order of Foresters attended the funeral. The interment was in Calvary.

MR. E. A. CAHILL.

Mr. E. A. Cahill, eldest son of the late Mr. Edmund Cahill, a native of Kilteeley, County Limerick, Ireland, died at his residence, 314 West Adams street, on Thursday morning, May 13, after a short illness. Mr. Cahill had been in this city about six years. Following the teachings of his father, he was an ardent worker for the cause of Irish freedom, ever ready to march to the front should the opportunity present itself. The deceased was a member of Company F, Clan-na-Gael guards. The funeral cortege, which was exceptionally large, started from his late residence at 10 o'clock on Saturday morning for St. Patrick's church, and thence by carriages to Calvary. The procession was led by a company of the Clan-na-Gael Guards. Mr. Cahill was for three years president of the Gaelic Athletic Association. The floral tributes were numerous, among the number being a harp sent by the Gaelic Athletic Association bearing the words, "Our President." Requiescat in pace.

MR. J. H. RAFTER, AUSTRALIA.

The Ballarat (Australia) Star, of March 27, has an account of the very sudden death of Mr. J. H. Rafter, formerly of Ballinasloe, County Galway, Ireland, which occurred at his residence, Mountain street, South Melbourne, on the 20th of the same month. He was conversing with his daughter on the verandah of their house when he fell dead. Mr. Rafter was, for many years, head teacher of the Catholic school, Millbrook, and was looked upon as one of the most learned men in the colony. He was a graduate of Maynooth college, and gave up a good position in Ireland to try his fortune in the gold fields, beneath the Southern Cross. Mr. Rafter had been for nine years at the head of the Millbrook school and was universally respected and beloved. The deepest sympathy is felt for his bereaved widow and children. Deceased was a son of the late John Rafter, merchant tailor, Ballinasloe, and a brother of Mr. Edward J. Rafter, long connected with the postoffice department in Chicago. The Rafter family had lived for many generations in the eastern end of Galway county, and have legions of friends at home and abroad who will be sorry for their affliction.

COL. J. W. COVENEY, BOSTON.

We regret to observe in the Boston papers an announcement of the death, from Bright's disease, of that gallant Irish-American soldier, Col. J. W. Coveney, postmaster of that city. His illness was pneumonia, which resulted in heart failure. The colonel was one of nature's noblemen—a stalwart, handsome, whole-hearted Irish gentleman, brave as a lion and tender as a woman in disposition. He belonged to the famous 28th Massachusetts volunteers, known as the Faugh-a-Ballagha, who were mostly attached to Meagher's Irish brigade of the Second corps, Army of the Potomac. This organization was in most of the great battles of the War of the Rebellion, at Fredericksburg and Chantilly, at Gettysburg (in the thick of a gallant fight), at Chancellorsville and Orange Court House, at Spottsylvania and finally at Ream's Station, where the gallant Twenty-Eighth was the last to leave the trench, and after the battle was publicly complimented by General Miles, to whose command it had been transferred. It was an Irish regiment, and had all the pluck of the race among its soldiers. Its record of 1,116 killed, wounded and missing up to the time of its being mustered out shows how severe its fights were and how close the regiment was to bullets when they were flying. The colonel carried with him an arm that for ten years after the war he could not raise to his chin, and which has since been of little use to him. He was a brigade inspector and captain on the staff of the Second Brigade of the First Division of the Second Army Corps in 1864, when a bullet from a sharpshooter struck him in the shoulder and nearly killed him. He had been wounded once before, but slightly, in the leg. These wounds compelled the return of Col. Coveney to civil life, and he was frequently rewarded with political honors by his fellow citizens of Boston.

Col. Coveney was buried on Sunday, May 9, from his residence. The coffin, covered with the American flag, was borne to the hearse by eight pallbearers. The honorary pallbearers, who occupied the carriages preceding the hearse, were: Mayor Quincy, Congressman John F. Fitzgerald, Acting Postmaster John T. Burnett, Mr. John A. Brennan, postmaster's secretary; the Hon. Jos. H. O'Neill, Jeremiah O'Keefe, superintendent of the mailing division; E. T. Barker, superintendent of the delivery division; A. B. Weston, superintendent of the registry division; O. F. Loring, superintendent of the money order division, and Col. Rivers, representing the surveyor's office at the custom house.

The remains were interred in St. Paul's cemetery, Arlington. The services were conducted by the Rev. John J. Ryan, of St. Paul's church, Cambridge, assisted by the Rev. John Flatley, rector of St. Peter's church, Cambridge; and the Rev. Philip J. O'Donnell, rector of St. Philip's church, Boston.

SEVENTH INFANTRY NOTES.

Orders have been issued from regimental headquarters for the Decoration Day parade, May 31. The regiment will assemble at noon on that day. Fatigue uniforms and campaign hats will be worn.

The third battalion of the regiment, under the command of Major George Meehan, gave an exhibition drill at the Catholic Temperance Cadets' Military carnival, at the Second Regiment armory, last Saturday evening. The battalion made a fine showing and received great applause. Maj. George Meehan, of the Seventh, Capt. Mair, of the Second, and Maj. Riley, of the Clan-na-Gael Guards, were the judges of the different drill teams.

The military carnival as the Coliseum came to a close last Saturday evening. The tug-of-war between the Regulars and the Seventh Regiment was a failure, although it was tried several times. A challenge has been issued for a later contest. Putting 16-lb shot, O. Hennessy, Company G Seventh Regiment, first; James Kelly, Sergt.-Maj., Seventh Regiment, second; distance 31.4 feet. Hop, step and jump, O. Hennessy first; E. J. Mix, First United States cavalry, second; M. Downey, Co. D, Seventh Regiment, third. One mile run, A. H. Miller, First Battalion, N. M., first; C. E. Loftus, Co. C, Seventh Regiment, second; J. J. Lamb, Co. H, Seventh Regiment, third. 100 yards' run, E. D. K. Leffingwell, I. N. M., first; G. Gannon, I. N. M., second; M. Downey, Co. D, Seventh Regiment, third. The Seventh may be proud of the showing made at the carnival, as every man who entered but two obtained prizes.

There will be a grand entertainment at the Seventh Regiment armory this (Saturday) evening. Tickets may be had from any member of the regiment.

Maj. Ennis, of the first battalion, who has been confined to his home by illness for the past two weeks, is again able to be out and take command of his battalion.

IRISH-AMERICAN LYCEUM.

Patrons of the Lyceum meetings will please note that the date of the May meeting was May 20. The arrangement committee changed the meeting day from the fourth Thursday to the third Thursday, in order not to conflict with the Moore celebration to be held on the former date, May 27. It is expected that nearly all of the Lyceum people will attend the Moore celebration, which is being promoted by that sterling friend of Irish literature and Irish music, Professor T. J. Purcell.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

The Irish Language

The Irish classes conducted by the Gaelic League of Chicago, meet for study every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., at room 119, city hall. All Gaels who wish to acquire a knowledge of the ancient language of their race, are invited to join the Gaelic League. Competent teachers are provided. There is no fee or expense, whatever, to be met except for the purchase of books, which are supplied at cost, by Mr. William Raliegh, and which may be obtained from him at the class rooms or at his residence, 735 South Canal street, Chicago.

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac of your druggist, under guarantee to cure, 50c or $1.00. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

WHEN bilious or costive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

QUEEN VIC'S JUBILEE SONG.

Dedicated to the Chicago Victorian Diamond Jubilee Association.

Air: "John Brown's Body."

I am the widowed wearer of the ancient
British crown!
My name's Victoria Wettin, although
many call me Brown,
And Irish rebels tremble at my terrible
dark frown,
The landlord's marching on!

We are fixing up old Lunnon for my
diamond jubilee—
The Teuton and the Russian, and the
turban'd Osmaulee
Will come to teach my people the
glories of the free!
While I go marching on!

They are gath'ring for my glory, far,
far beyond the main,
The Yankee press is gushing on "the
glories of my reign,"
And the Yankee pulpiteers, too, join in
the refrain
And still keep shouting on!

I have ruled in wasted Ireland o'er a
million famine graves,
I have driven thrice a million o'er the
wild Atlantic waves,
I have kept the few survivors in their
proper sphere, as slaves,
My Empire's marching on!

The starving tribes of India now are
crying on their knees
That they're dying by the myriad for
the lack of my rupees—
They may die, as did the Irish, but to
my wealth I'll freeze—
Black Death is marching on!

The bible and the rifle are doing well
my work—
I'm the friend of Christian missions
and the partner of the Turk!
And my premier, Salisbury, would defy
another Burke*
To stop his marching on!

I am to free republics as was Jonathan
to Saul!
The Yankee, Frank and Boer, oh, I
dearly love them all!
But I'd like, above all other things, to
strangle that Oom Paul,
Who stops my marching on!

The doom of Arbitration put a brake
upon my wheel,
Yet I thank my Yankee subjects for
their kindly Christian zeal;
Had it not been for those h'Irish they'd
have voted for my weal—
They love me marching on!

My Albert of Saxe Coburg was a hero
of renown—
I thought I'd have died with him and
left behind my crown,
Till I saw his astral body in the braw
kilts of John Brown—
As we went "chumming" on!

Then gather from all Britain, and come
from o'er the sea,
And crown my reign of record with this
diamond jubilee,
Let every loyal subject have a universal
spree
Till I stop marching on!

OUR OWN POET LAUREATE.

*Edmund Burke denounced Warren Hastings for his plunder of India.

THE VULTURE'S VOMIT.

London papers are bitter at the rejection of the arbitration treaty by the United States Senate.

"The St. James Gazette published a long article headed "Free Trade and Brotherly Love," in which it says: Great Britain has removed every hampering tariff and thousands of square miles of American territory, scores of its cities, and millions of its citizens thrive by virtue of the English market alone. Yet the Senate committee has just piled up the most vexatious, harrassing and impenetrable wall of tariffs any nation ever formed against another, while the Senate itself has decided against the permanent machinery for the peaceable settlement of disputes. The much abused diplomats were advised that the treaty would be accepted, but the politicians preferred to listen to the counsels of an ex-convict and sworn enemy of England, who, having taken the oath of allegiance to the queen, spends his vacation in Washington advising the senators to hope and work patiently for an opportunity to twist the British lion's tail. We rejoice at the new Canadian preferential tariff for many reasons, not the least of which is that it restores to us a weapon with which to fight our rivals in the future. Free imports at any price deprived us of that weapon."

The Pall Mall Gazette, treating on the same subject, says: In its amended form the treaty was not worth preserving, but the principle, like the soul of John Brown, goes marching on. President McKinley backs it and his advocacy is worth having."

The Globe says: "The heaven-born measure was too advanced even for the most go-ahead nation of the world. The Bering Sea arbitration ought to have taught our statesmen that the American government cannot be trusted to carry out its obligations in a matter of this sort. It has been a hopelessly one-sided arrangement for this country. However, we do not fear that the ignominious end will harm in any way the present friendly relations between the two countries."

The Westminster Gazette says: "The rejection of the treaty is sufficiently deplorable, but instead of venting wrath upon the senators it would seem more profitable to ask whether the European statesmen have not for several months been furnishing the best grounds for belief that arbitration is useless and premature."

GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

Tairngire.

Peadar Ua Doirnin ro chan.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

Amhail mar deir San Eoin 'san Taisbeunadh: do chualdh na cdig dúbha móra-soin tharainn, agus atá an seiseadh dúbha i lathair againn, lodhon, rinn gaethe nimhe, agus aincheart cléire! Ni mar sin a d'órduigh ár n-Airdrigh agus ár n-Ard-shagart, ár liaigh anama agus cuirp, lodhon, ár Sláinuightheoir, a n-abrann cléir na h-aimsire seo gur lucht leanamhanta dhó iad: agus nach i leigheas na slán a thainic siad chum an t-saoghail, acht i leigheas na n-easlán, agus a thógbháil a n-ualach trom d'a nguailiubh agus 'ga n-iomchar iad féin. Ni contrárdha an oidhche do'n lá ioná cléire na haimsire seo ag coimhlionadh na mbriathar so: óir taisbeunann siad féin 'na bhfaidhbh in gach comhdháil, ar aonaighibh, agus ar mharaidhibh, ag tabhairt onóra do'n saidhbhir agus easonóra do'n daidhbhir. Is mian leo fós suidhe ins na h-ionadaibh is uachtaraighe: ni mar sin ordaighseas an Criost atá shoir againne;—agus adeirim-se gur miotire i gcroicnibh caorach iad!

Tá sagart stuama in áit na hualsle, ar an taráid seo Chrin-chotil,
Nach nglacann uatha gan maoil a's cruacha ar a chiseán lionta.

Bionn a bhuinne suas gach bliadhain a nglusteann ag tabhach a chíosa;
Ni ghlacann sé truaighe le treun no le truagh, gan fághail mar is mian leis.

Muna mbiodh ag an mbochtán, acht ceathramha na hochtmhuidhe, a's cáil beag sil ann.
Tiocfaidh an Dochtúir chuige go tolceamhuil; "bi tapaidh a's lion so."

'Sé deir an faon-lag "tá mo mhuiridhin faobhach, agus iad ar ineadh,
"Ne féin 's mo chéile ar ghann-chuid spréidhe; agus maith dhúinn an cios éd."

"A chaul gan éifeacht, b'fhéarr liom féin do chrochadh dá rith[illegible]
"Ni sgarann go leor le mo [illegible] faobhach gan mo chiseán lionta."

Dearcaidh an trástur uaidh go faon-lag tar éis a lionta;
Me mhallacht féin go d-téidhim i gcriaidh ar an gcléireach ceudna!

Ni raibh an leun so ariamh ar Ghaodhealaibh againn 'san tir seo,
O d'imthigh Turgéslus uainn as Eirinn mullach a's maolamh.

Is beusa gnáth' tá ag an gcléireach bánta, tá againn 'san tir seo,
Muna bhfaighidh se sásadh le ciseán lán, slan a bheith aige faoi dhaor-bhruid.

Má thig neach 'na dháil fá Nodlaig no Cáisg ag iarraidh faoisidh:
"Sdibhail a phiaigh, ni fhághann tá grása, óir atáir fá ineadh.

"Atáir 'ga iarraidh le tri bliadhanaibh, a's ni'l mo mhian leat,
"Fan-sa shiar, nior thuillis mo bhuidheachas, 's ni'l tá díolta.

"A bhodaigh bhéaduidhe ag teacht go sóbaich, a's gan mo chios leat;
"Cúpla measgán fós agus duisin, agus ciseán lionta."

Ni hé lionadh lán-bhrúithte an leath-bharaille in áit an bhuiséil do shiol glan cáithte bán, is cás docamhuil agus doilgheasa do bhochtaibh an Fheádha, acht gach daor-cháin eile is mian leis an prealáid seo d'fhághail dó féin, agus do'n stócach fad-bhuinneach bhidheas aige ag tabhach na cána dd suas: agus fós proiun luchtmhar lán-aidhbheach do'n aimhithe beodhach, bronmhar, druimleathan, donn, bhidheas ag árd-iomchar an chléirigh cheudna so. Agus muna bhfaighidh gach nidh ar a mhian féin, bagrann ár dtreagairt, agus ár min-ghearradh go lár agus go lán-talmhan le bun each-laisge lódáilte. Go seachnaidh Dia sibh-se agus mise ar fhioch agus ar fheirg an fhir cheudna soin.—*Gaelic Journal.*

(CRIOCH.)

[This piece was composed by Peadar O'Doirnin about the year 1760. It is based on the charge of an endeavor on the part of the parish priest unduly to increase the voluntary tribute of his flock. The district referred to is "na Feadna," now called "The Fews," in county Armagh. Criomhthann mac Faeilimidh, to whom is ascribed the prophecy with which the piece opens, is better known as St. Columcille. He is referred to here under his family name.]

Ancient Greek Music.

Ancient Greek music was written in a straight line, and not in a scale by ascending and descending tones. There were many characters, each of a different power, and the tone was known by the shape rather than the position of the note.

Scientists of the Athenian school, who are conducting extensive excavations under the auspices and at the expense of the French government, a couple of years ago found at Delphi a hymn to Apollo, with both music and words. This strange literature is legibly engraved on a 23 by 28 inch marble tablet set in the pronaos of the great temple of Apollo, and may have been the hymn chanted by the Pythian priestess when in her mephitic trance. This inscription was published in 1894, and is called the first find. Some accouut of it was given in the newspapers at the time.

Last year another discovery was made at Delphi. It is that of a second hymn to Apollo, which is creating an extraordinary interest. It was not fully heliographed, analyzed, and given to the world until this year. The impressions, together with the analysis made by MM. Reinach and Weil, are given in heliograph. When I saw him, M. Reinach had finished his wonderful work of bringing out the types and tropes of the music, and I obtained from his hand some rare copies. He assured me that I could not get an original print of this curiosity even from the King of Greece, because the government of France holds a monopoly of its own excavations, where these results are obtained by it with great labor and expense. The instrumentation is not given, although there can be no doubt that the hands which elaborated the air here given were capable of inscribing the instrumental accompaniments.—Hon. C. Osborne Ward, in the May Arena.

A WRITER in one of the weekly reviews declares that if the English go to war with the Boers they will require to put three soldiers in the field for every Boer bearing arms. In round numbers, according to this estimate, it would take 75,000 British soldiers to capture the Transvaal. England cannot at the present time spare so large a force.—Ex.

A CATHOLIC contemporary says: "The last stand made in Ireland by James II. for his crown against Prince William was at the battle of the Boyne." The writer of the foregoing must have meant James' "last stand," or first run, in person. Ireland, after his flight, made four "last stands," two of which were victories, namely, the first Athlone and the first Limerick, in 1690. She lost Aughrim, with honor, in July, 1691, and capitulated, on favorable terms being offered, at Limerick, in October of the latter year.

"IF," says the Boston Pilot, "Anglomania would only teach Anglomaniacs to admire that which is best in English character, the love of country, the pride of nationality, the scorn of foreign ideals, cherished solely because they are foreign—then Anglomania would be a virtue; but in such case it would have no charm for the snobs and flunkies who now cherish it. As no man is a hero to his valet, so the British nobleman would lose caste at once in the eyes of his American admirer if he admitted the latter to terms of equality. The lesson taught by Thackeray and Kipling should be taken to heart by Irishmen as well as by Americans, but it will never be learned by such of either race as are naturally servile and snobbish and forever ashamed of their own country."

JOSEPH P. WATHIER CO., JEWELERS.

We call the special attention of our readers to the advertisement of Joseph P. Wathier Co., wholesale jewelers, which appears in our advertising columns. The firm of the Wathier Co. is renowned for the excellence and variety of its goods, which cover the greatest possible range, and all of superior merit. Watch and jewelry repairing is a specialty with this firm. If you wish to be entirely suited call on the Wathier Co.

BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

Leave your business occasionally and try a new climate and new surroundings. No better medicine. The principal health and pleasure resorts of the Southwest are reached via the Santa Fe Route. Low rates, quick time, comfortable service. For specific information inquire of local agent, or address W. J. Black, G. P. A., A. T. & S. F. Ry., Topeka, Kas.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of five cents per loaf.

Vacation Days.

In the Lake Regions of Wisconsin, Northern Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa and South Dakota, along the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, are hundreds of charming localities pre-eminently fitted for summer homes, nearly all of which are located on or near lakes which have not been fished out. These resorts range in variety from the "full dress for dinner" to the flannel shirt costume for every meal. Among the list are names familiar to many of our readers as the perfection of Northern summer resorts. Nearly all of the Wisconsin points of interest are within a short distance from Chicago or Milwaukee, and none of them are so far away from the "busy marts of civilization" that they cannot be reached in a few hours of travel, by frequent trains, over the finest road in the Northwest—the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Send a two-cent stamp for a copy of "Vacation Days" giving a description of the principal resorts, and a list of summer hotels and boarding houses, and rates for board, to George H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

FIGHT ABOUT CUBA.

FRIENDS OF THE INSURGENTS WILL HAVE A VOTE

on the Senate, if They Have to Raise the Roof, So Mason Says—Bailey Gets the Question Up in the House and There Promises To Be Fun There Also—Par-

Washington, May 18.—The senate yesterday, in response to a brief message stating its need, appropriated $50,000 for the relief of destitute Americans in Cuba. Wellington of Maryland staved off a vote on the Morgan belligerency resolution by making a speech against the resolution, the burden of which was that the United States had work to do for its own people before it bothered about either Cubans or Greeks. Daniel spoke for the resolution, which went over. The Broker Chapman resolution of Allen was tabled. Butler's resolution inquiring the authority for the order for the sale of the Union Pacific railway was adopted. An executive session was held.

Met Trouble in the House.

In the house the president's message was read and Dingley wanted to pass a resolution making the appropriation asked. Bailey of Texas insisted on an amendment recognizing the belligerence of the Cuban rebels, to which Dingley objected, and as neither would yield the matter went over. Cochran of Missouri offered a resolution to submit to the states a constitutional amendment permitting an income tax. The conference report on the Indian appropriation was disagreed to on the gilsonite compromise proposed, and the bill returned to conference. Adjourned to Thursday.

Mason Threatens Filibustering.

There is a possibility of a clash between the friends of the Cuban belligerency resolution and the tariff bill. The advocates of the Cuban resolution apprehend that their opponents will make an effort to prevent a vote before next Monday, when the tariff bill is to be taken up under agreement. Morgan is hopeful of securing a vote before that time. Mason, who is an enthusiastic supporter of the Cuban cause, said last night that if a vote should be prevented this week by filibustering tactics the tariff bill could not be taken up Monday. "We must have a vote on Cuba before the tariff is considered," he said, "or we shall see some filibustering such as the senate is not used to."

Talk About Removal of Postmasters.

The advisability of inquiry into the removal of postmasters by the executive was raised in the executive session of the senate in connection with the confirmation of F. E. Benjamin as postmaster at Terre Haute, Ind. Turpie brought forward the subject and there was a brief exchange of ideas on the part of Turpie, Fairbanks, Chandler and Hear. The general opinion seemed to be that since the repeal of the tenure of office act it was competent for the executive to make removals, and that investigation would lead to no other conclusion.

TRAIN GOES INTO A CHASM.

Fifteen Persons Are Badly Hurt, Two of Them Fatally.

Ardmore, I. T., May 17.—A southbound passenger train on the Santa Fe road, known as the Chicago and Galveston express, went through a trestle sixteen miles south of here at 5 o'clock yesterday morning. Fifteen persons, passengers and trainmen, were injured. Several of these are seriously hurt, and it is believed that two will die. The accident occurred near the town of Marietta and at a point where a deep, narrow gulch was spanned by a wooden trestle. The foundation work supporting this trestle was undermined by the sudden rise of a little stream and the trestle went down under the heavy weight of the train.

So great was the speed of the train, however, that the engine and tender, the express, mail and baggage cars and one passenger coach passed over the narrow chasm, though the trucks of several of these cars went to the bottom, twenty feet below. J. M. Grider, the Wells-Fargo express messenger, was so badly crushed by a heavy car chest that he cannot live. E. T. Sparks, of Oakman, I. T., was crushed in the wreck of the smoker and is also mortally injured.

The wounded, except those named in the foregoing are: G. G. Crawford, Hurd, I. T., elbow dislocated and right arm fractured; W. L. Irwin, Kansas City, cut on the neck; I. F. Hale, news agent, Fort Worth, bruised on hip and side; R. J. Crawford, Fox, I. T., ankle sprained, badly cut and bruised; W. M. Forbes, Lebanon, head, hand and arms cut and hip injured; O. L. York, Palo Pinto, Texas, hip hurt; J. F. Piper, Ladonia, head cut, shoulder dislocated.

Relay Race on Wheels.

Chicago, May 18.—Mayor Harrison at 11 o'clock yesterday morning, while seated in a box directly over the starting point, fired a pistol and the big relay race between teams representing Chicago and New York was on at Tattersall's. At the end of the first day's riding in the first squad the Chicago riders had respectively 80 miles, 6 laps, and 80 miles, 8 laps; New York, 80 miles, 8 laps, and 80 miles, 1 lap. Second squad—Chicago, 83 miles, 4 laps, and 83 miles, 3 laps; New York, 83 miles, 1 lap, and 82 miles, 3 laps. Third squad—Chicago, 85 miles, 6 laps, and 85 miles, 6 laps; New York, 85 miles, 3 laps, and 85 miles, 4 laps.

Monument to George Washington.

Philadelphia, May 17.—President McKinley, Saturday, in the presence of an enormous throng, pulled a cord that confined the national ensign about a bulky object situated in Fairmount park, and as he did so the red, white and blue fell away gracefully and disclosed a splendid statute of George Washington, the Father of his Country, in enduring bronze. As the statue was disclosed there was a roar that shook the air. The statue is equestrian, the likeness to Washington is perfect and altogether the memorial is one worthy of the man whose memory it will kept green as long as the bronze endures.

Shot by a Cattle "Rustler."

Ord, Neb., May 14.—At midnight Wednesday Gid Summers, a cattle buyer, was fatally shot by a man named McBride, a cattle rustler from Boyd county, the result of an old feud. The charge is made that McBride was sent here by the Boyd county gang for the express purpose of killing Summers. McBride escaped.

HORRIBLE MURDER OF A WIFE

Chicago Sausage Maker in Jail for a Most Atrocious Crime.

Chicago, May 18.—Adolph L. Luetgert, the well-known sausage manufacturer, was arrested yesterday afternoon on the charge of having murdered his wife. Captain Schuettler of the Sheffield Avenue station made the arrest, under explicit directions from Inspector Schaack, who has been investigating the case. The warrant was sworn out by the police before Justice Kersten, and that magistrate issued it at once.

It is positively stated by the police that evidence has been found that Mrs. Luetgert was killed and her body destroyed with the object of hiding all traces of the crime. Luetgert is not the only person held under suspicion by the north side police. Other arrests are to be made before night, or as soon as certain persons can be found for whom officers are now looking. The place where the murder and destruction of the body of the woman are believed to have taken place is the factory at Diversey and Hermitage avenues, near the tracks of the Northwestern road.

It is believed that after killing the woman those who committed the deed put the corpse into a vat and reduced the body by chemicals or boiling. That is one way that the crime is supposed to have been hidden. But there is another story, and that is that after the murder the body was stripped, cut into pieces in the sausage mill, so that it would be more easily cremated, and then cast into the furnace. Her clothing, it is alleged, was burned in the same place. It is said that several bones are all that have been found, and that these were taken from the vicinity of the vat. Two finger rings belonging to the dead woman were also found.

"Adolph Luetgert has just been arrested for the murder of Mrs. Luetgert," said Inspector Schaak at 2:30 o'clock. "We have established beyond a doubt that Mrs. Luetgert did not leave her home voluntarily or commit suicide because of her husband's failure in business. She certainly was murdered and the crime is one of the foulest with which I have ever dealt. The body was destroyed, with the exception of traces, which we found in the sausage factory, near the Luetgert home in Lake View." Mrs. Luetgert disappeared May 1. Five days after the woman's disappearance relatives of hers from the country came to Chicago and called on the police authorities with the first intimation that they had that the woman was missing. The same day A. L. Luetgert, her husband, applied to the police, and also offered a reward of $200 for information that would lead to her discovery.

The police at once began working very diligently on the case. The husband's tardiness in invoking the aid of the police, together with the fact that the pair had not lived happily together, spurred the department to unusual activity. To the surprise of many, the husband did not give to the detectives that assistance which might have been expected of a husband in such a case. As a measure of self-defense, and to combat the suspicion which his d'latory action aroused, Luetgert threatened last Friday to bring suit for abandonment against his wife. The police offered to assist him in the preparation of such evidence as he needed. And instantly Luetgert's case against his absent wife was dropped. There were other suspicious circumstances leading to yesterday's arrest.

THE WORK IN CONGRESS.

Synopsis of the Proceedings of the National Lawmakers.

Washington, May 13.—In the senate yesterday Allen offered a resolution to summon Chapman, the contumacious sugar investigation witness, to the bar of the senate to purge himself of his fault as a prerequisite to pardon. Hoar objected and it went over. Morgan made a statement regarding the Cuban belligerency resolution, asking that it go over a day and it went. Butler presented a resolution asking the authority for the sale of the Union Pacific railway. The bill for a public building at Indianapolis appropriating $1,500,000 was passed. An executive session was held.

Washington, May 14.—The only thing of interest in the senate yesterday was a speech by Tillman calling upon the senate to drop the Chapman matter and investigate the truth of the newspaper stories that senators were speculating in sugar while the senate was amending the sugar schedule in the tariff bill. Talk about the time for the debate on the bill to commence developed the fact that it would hardly begin before May 24. Adjourned to Monday.

French Sentenced to Death.

Rockford, Ills., May 15.—James French was convicted of the murder of his wife, Catherine, yesterday morning, and Judge Garver fixed the penalty at death by hanging. The plea of the defense was insanity, supported by the testimony of Dr. Charles D. Carpenter, an insane expert of Belvidere, Ills., and witnesses personally acquainted with French and who knew members of the family afflicted with insanity some sixteen years ago. The jury considered the case for one hour before rendering the verdict, and its decision met with hearty approval.

Military Company Burned Out.

Peru, Ind., May 14.—Fire broke out in the armory of the Volpert Zouaves yesterday morning about 6 o'clock. The armory is on the third floor of the stone building known as the P. H. Crume business block, and the arms and equipment were destroyed. The Equitable Stock exchange, on the second floor, and the book and wall paper stock, owned by P. H. Crume, on the first floor, were badly damaged by water. The total loss is about $8,000, without the military equipment, but is well insured.

Alabama Is Making a Record.

Huntsville, Ala., May 14.—A third negro is reported to have been lynched near Jeff, Ala., Wednesday night. He was implicated in the wholesale poisoning of the Kelly family. The latest victim of mob violence is Jim Nance, alias Williams, a discharged negro laborer who is thought to have instigated the poisoning by the girls in order to wreak vengeance upon the Kellys.

Can Meet Only Four Times a Year.

Kentland, Ind., May 14.—Judge S. P. Thompson, of the Thirteenth judicial district, has passed upon the Duncan township trustee law. Judge Thompson holds that the law calls for but four meetings each year of the county commissioners.

NEWS OF THE STATE.

ITEMS WHICH WILL BE OF INTEREST TO OUR READERS.

A Condensed Report of the Proceedings in the State Senate and House, Showing What the State Lawmakers Are Doing at Springfield.

Springfield, May 14.—The senate passed the following bills yesterday: Extending the 1½ per cent. drainage canal tax for two years from 1897; providing that justices of the peace and police magistrates may retain their fees from fines collected; amending the election law so that the party organizations shall appoint the judges and clerks at elections; exempting cashiers in public offices from the civil service examination; authorizing the Chickamauga commissioners to group monuments on that battlefield in marking the positions occupied by Illinois troops; appropriating $45,000 for the state board of agriculture; appropriating $10,000 to furnish the library, museum, laboratory and gymnasium of the Southern Illinois Normal university, Carbondale; appropriating $23,000 for ordinary expenses of the Southern Illinois Normal university, Carbondale. A motion was made to reconsider the vote by which the bill to teach deaf children in the public schools was defeated; postponed to Tuesday next.

The house passed the bill to make assessments for farm drainage purposes a lien upon the lands assessed, and the bill providing that county commissioners in counties under township organization upon petition of the highway commissioners, shall have the same rights in the letting of contracts for bridges, etc., as the highway commissioners now have.

Springfield, May 15.—No business was done in the senate yesterday. An adjournment was taken to 5 o'clock Monday afternoon. In the house the bill providing that the salaries of the judges of city courts shall be paid out of the state treasury was advanced to third reading. The session was devoted to work of a routine and uninteresting character. Several bills were advanced on the calendar and made special orders.

It seems that the question of final adjournment is not settled. The senate has adopted an amendment to the house joint resolution and the subject fixing June 4 as the date, but the solons are now talking of hanging on until June 18. The question may be decided next week. There is also a move on foot to make another attempt to pass a street railway bill, which will extend present franchises to thirty-five years and make other changes from the Humphrey bills.

Springfield, May 18.—In the senate no business was transacted, as there was not a quorum present. The house convened at 5 o'clock and was in session a little more than an hour. The time was occupied in calling up bills by unanimous consent or under suspension of the rules and advancing them on the calendar, and in most cases making special orders of them for some day of the present week.

Illinois Battlefield Monuments.

Springfield, Ills., May 18.—The Illinois battle field monument commission met last night and decided to erect nine monuments each at Lookout mountain and at the north end of Mission Ridge to the Illinois regiments which participated in those battles. They also received plans for a granite monument 100 feet high which it is proposed to erect on the top of Mission Ridge on the spot where the Confederate General Bragg had his headquarters.

Seven Men Injured in a Shaft.

Staunton, Ills., May 15.—At No. 6 mine, as a load of men was ascending, the engine failed to work, breaking the rope on one cage and letting the other cage with the men strike the bottom, scattering the men and injuring all but one. The following are the injured: William Henry, Max Ranzi, Alvin Fickett, F. Bangert, F. Budeke, F. Seneke and H. M. Oshmuth. Their injuries consist of broken arms and legs and internal injuries.

Operators Decline to Negotiate.

Streator, Ills., May 15.—At the joint convention of operators and miners of the northern Illinois district the miners presented their scale of prices, they having rejected the scale proposed by the operators two weeks ago. The operators replied that the scale proposed by them two weeks ago was their ultimatum, and unless that price was agreed to they would be compelled to close their mines.

United Commercial Travelers.

Quincy, Ill., May 17.—The Illinois grand council of United Commercial Travelers closed its session with a banquet. The report of Grand Secretary Dowd shows an increase of 100 per cent. in one year. There are 12,000 members in America. The officers elected are: Grand counsellor, Henry Wilson, Quincy; grand secretary and treasurer, A. J. Dowd, Chicago.

Fred Pfeffer Retires from the Colts.

Chicago, May 18.—Fred Pfeffer, second baseman of the Chicago team, has been retired, and the chances are very much against his playing with the team again. Pfeffer's work has been very ragged, and it is claimed that Chicago has lost five games this season through his errors. Connor will succeed him at second.

State Notes.

Richard and James Swanton, twins, 67 years old, were murderously assaulted at their home in Lake Forrest, Ills., by Charles Johnson, a farm hand. The motive of the assault was robbery. In this Johnson failed.

Richard S. Bostwick has been appointed surveyor of customs, port of Galena, Ills.

Eddie Patton, 5 years old, was killed by an electric street car at Chicago. He stopped while crossing the street and became confused when he heard people on the aproaching car calling him to get out of the way.

St. Louis Girl Perishes at Paris.

St. Louis, May 18.—Mrs. Ferdinand Garesche received a telegram yesterday afternoon stating that her great-niece, Miss Madeline Le Clerq, 14 years old, was among those burned to death in the charity bazaar holocaust at Paris. Miss Le Clerq's mother was born in St. Louis, and the family was well-known here.

Stevenson a Grandpa.

Bloomington, Ills., May 18.—A telegram received from Harrodsburg, Ky., brings the news of the birth of a daughter to Rev. and Mrs. Martin D. Hardin. Ex-Vice President Stevenson now becomes for the first time a grandfather.

LARGE MAKES AN EXPLANATION.

Tells How It Was That He Traveled with Those Girls.

Springfield, Ills., May 18.—Representative James M. Large, who left this city Friday evening in company with two young girls, Edith Jones and Minnie Waters, under circumstances that gave rise to comment, returned Sunday evening, and has made a statement in regard to the trip. He says that two weeks ago the Jones girl, whose family he knew in Athens as well as in this city, asked him to procure a pass for her to Chicago. This he said he did, and gave it to her last Friday in the presence of her mother. The mother, he said, then asked him if he was going to Chicago that day, and said if he was the girl might accompany him, otherwise she could not go. His reply was that he did not know; that if he should decide to go he would not leave until evening.

That was all he knew about the matter until he went to the depot in the evening and found the girls there, ready to take the train. He got aboard with them, and went as far as Gilman, where the Jones girl was taken into custody by the city marshal. He asked her what the trouble was, and says the girl then told him for the first time that she had run away from her mother. He thought it his duty, he said, to "see them through," inasmuch as he knew them. He accompanied them to the Redfield House, where he registered the party as John Smith, Minnie Johnson and Edith Jones. He declared that he did not know the name of the Waters girl, and that so far as he was concerned he gave a fictitious name for the reason that he did not want to be known in connection with any notoriety that might ensue.

THOSE ELDON BANK ROBBERS.

New Arrest Develops the Murderers of a Chicago Man.

Ottumwa, Ia., May 14.—The arrest of "Dick" Dodd, of this city, and City Marshal Stevens, of Eldon, for the robbery of the Eldon bank on Feb. 1, has been followed with many sensations. In searching Dodd the chief of police found a fancy pocketknife with the name of James L. Aylesworth on it. Alyesworth was a traveling man who came to this city April 16, and was slugged in an alley and robbed of a diamond valued at $165 and a number of other valuables. He was badly injured and died at his home in Chicago a few days afterwards.

Dodd told the officers that he got the knife from a well-known young man. The police learned that his man, with two others, was seen with Aylesworth in several saloons. The arrest of three of them followed. Those arrested are Fred Grube, Jebryr Devol and James Riordan.

Mrs Geddes' Murderer Hanged.

Paxton, Ills., May 15.—Fred Hoellman, alias Hartman, was hanged in the jail in this city yesterday morning in the presence of about fifty witnesses.

Hoellman, alias Hartman, was hung for killing Mrs. Welbke Geddes, having been convicted on circumstantial evidence. Geddes, the husband, worked on a farm more than a mile from his home. On the morning of Dec. 2, 1896, he got up at 4 o'clock and went to his task husking corn. At 8 o'clock a neighbor called at the home and found the body of Mrs. Geddes on the floor of her room with a cord around her neck, the other end of the cord being fastened to a door-knob. There was evidence of a fearful struggle, one of Mrs. Geddes' legs being broken and her body covered with bruises. Marks on the neck of her little girl showed that she had been choked, doubtless into insensibility, and possibly left for dead.

Illinois Congregationalists.

Peoria, Ills., May 18.—The General Congregational association, of Illinois, opened its fifty-fourth annual convention in the First Congregational church last night. Rev. G. H. Wilson, of Paxton, preached the opening sermon, and the communion service was conducted by Rev. A. A. Stevens, the venerable former pastor of the First church, assisted by Rev. W. R. Day, of Aurora.

Eddie Bald Wins the Race.

Louisville, May 18.—Eddie Bald, of Buffalo, defeated Owen Kimble, of this city, in a match race at Fountain Ferry park yesterday afternoon. The event was run in three heats. Kimble won the first, one-third of a mile, in 0:48 2-5. Bald won the half-mile in 1:26 2-5 and the one-mile heat in 2:11 3-5. The latter was paced.

Costly Incendiary Fire.

Springfield, O., May 14.—The Funderburg mills at New Carlisle were fired by an incendiary and destroyed. Loss, $50,000.

THE MARKETS.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

Chicago, May 17.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—May, opened nominal, closed 72¾c; July, opened 71¾c, closed 71⅞c; September, opened 67c, closed 67⅛c; December and closed 69⅝c. Corn—May, opened 24½c, closed 24⅝c; July, opened 24⅝c, closed 24⅞c; September, opened and closed 25⅛c. Oats—May, opened 17⅜c, closed 17⅝c; July, opened and closed 18c; September, opened 18c, closed 18⅛c. Pork—May, opened and closed nominal; July, opened $8.37½, closed $8.22½. Lard—May, opened $3.75, closed $3.75; July, opened and closed $3.80.

Produce: Butter — Extra creamery, 14½c per lb; extra dairy, 12c; fresh packing stock, 6@7. Eggs — Fresh stocks, 8¼c per dozen. Live Poultry—Turkeys, 8@9c per lb; chickens, 7c; ducks, 9@10c. Potatoes—Burbanks, 21@26c per bu. Honey—White clover, 11@12½c per lb; imperfect, 7@9c. Apples—Commonto fancy, $1.75@3.00 per bbl.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, May 17.

Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 43,000; sales ranged at $2.25@3.77½ for pigs, $3.65@3.77½ for light, $3.35@3.45 for rough packing, $3.65@3.75 for mixed, and $3.55@3.75 for heavy packing and shipping lots. Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 18,000; quotations ranged at $5.15@5.45 for choice to extra shipping steers, $4.60@5.10 good to choice do., $4.25@4.80 fair to good, $3.85@4.20 common to medium do., $3.70@4.20 butchers' steers, $3.60@4.00 stockers, $4.05@4.50 feeders, $2.00@4.00 cows, $2.60@4.50 heifers, $2.60@3.75 bulls, oxen and stags, $3.20@4.50 Texas steers, and $3.00@5.30 veal calves. Sheep and Lambs—Estimated receipts for the day, 15,000; quotations ranged at $3.50@4.80 westerns, $2.90@4.20 Texans, $2.50@4.90 natives and $3.25@5.40 lambs.

CLIMAX OF DISASTER.

THE GREEKS FORCED TO FALL BACK FROM DOMOKOS.

One Correspondent Says They Met a Crushing Defeat—Athens Advices Admit Disaster and the City Is Full of Excitement —Repulse of the Moslems Claimed.

Athens, May 18.—A dispatch just received from Domokos says that the Greek right wing has been compelled to retire six kilometers.

London, May 18.—A dispatch to The Times from Athens says that the following telegram has been received from Crown Prince Constantine: "Our right wing under Colonel Mastrapas has been compelled to retreat. It still holds Voussi, but may find it necessary to retire on Phourka pass. It was necessary to bring up all the reserves in order to repulse the furious attacks of the enemy. Our wounded have been sent to Lamia. The conduct of the army was praiseworthy."

London, May 18.—The Daily Telegraph's special correspondent with the Turkish forces in Thessaly telegraphing late last night says: "Edhem Pasha has moved on from point to point and finally occupied Domokos. The Greeks have sustained a crushing defeat."

Turks Were Three to One.

Athens, May 18.—The most entense excitement prevails here. All the cabinet ministers were assembled yesterday at the ministry of marine, where the dispatches from the front were received. The gravity of the situation cannot be over-estimated. Dispatches sent from Domokos at 7 p. m. yesterday said that the Greek left wing has fallen back towards the center before thrice the number of Turks. The battle continued after sunset yesterday, but despite the yielding of the left wing the Turks were finally repulsed. General Mavromichalis was wounded. A dispatch sent from Domokos at noon yesterday by the way of Lamia said 35,000 Turks—infantry, cavalry, and artillery—have attacked the Greek line at several points of the left wing and the center, with a view of penetrating southward and surrounding Domokos. Large forces are also attacking General Smolenski.

Hand-to-Hand Fight in Places.

Domokos, May 18.—The Turkish attack on the Greek right wing began at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon, but the flank attacks were considered to be feints and it was believed that the main attack of the Turks would be made upon the Greek center, where Crown Prince Constantine was in command. Two Greek cannon did great execution on the principal Turkish colmun, which was advancing through the hills. The Turkish infantry at several points was in contact with the Greeks. It is believed here that the attack on General Smolenski near Almyros is only a strategic operation and that the Turks will endeavor to cut between the two Greek armies, occupy the road leading to the Othry mountains and thus cut off the retreat of the crown prince.

Fifty Thousand Moslems There.

London, May 18.—The Daily Chronicle's correspondent at Athens sends the following official account of the fighting yesterday: "Over 50,000 Turks simultaneously and continuously attacked our whole line. Our artillery and infantry did splendid work. Twice all the regiments of the enemy wavered and fled, though their attack was soon renewed with fresh forces, which in turn we were able to hurl back. The stubborn resistance and splendid vigor of our troops finally compelled the enemy to give way altogether. All the attacks on our left were similarly repulsed.

Greeks Only Had 35,000.

"On our right we did not fare so well. The first attack of the enemy was repulsed, but they massed in immense forces for the next attack. Our first line wavered and was broken; and the wing would have been turned but for the timely arrival of the reserve. Still the enemy had gained ground which it was then impossible to regain, and we, therefore, fell back on Bousi. The Turks had 50,000 troops, with 30,000 reserves. Our force was only 35,000. We lost heavily, but the enemy must have lost thousands."

Chapman in a Prison Cell.

Washington, May 18.—Elverton P. Chapman, the recalcitrant sugar trust witness who refused to answer a senate committee's questions as to whether he had acted as a broker for any sentors in speculations in sugar trust, occupies a cell at the District jail and will continue therein for twenty-five days. He has two cells, one to sleep in and the other to use as an office. There are no luxurious appointments, however.

Bayard Delivers the Log.

Wilmington, Del., May 18. — Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, former ambassador to England, arrived in this city from New York yesterday afternoon with the log of the Mayflower in his possession. He went to the office of the Security Trust and Safe Deposit company and there deposited the log in the vaults for safe keeping until he conveys it to the custody of the governor of Massachusetts.

Clark Probably Assassinated.

Milwaukee, May 18.—Evidence developed yesterday which makes it almost certain that H. B. Clark, of Grand Rapids, Mich., whose body was found Saturday morning, was assassinated. Mrs. Herman Kaufer who lives where the body was found, says she heard the shots on the fatal night and saw a man running away from the scene at the top of his speed.

London's Poor Will Get a Dinner.

London, May 18.—The Prince of Wales' fund, started at the suggestion of her royal highness to provide a dinner or some substantail meal during the week of the jubilee commemoration for the poorest of the London poor—beggars, outcasts and tenants of the slums—received yesterday an anonymous contribution of £25,000.

Europe Is Against the Turk.

Paris, May 18.—The Temps referring to the peace terms demanded by Turkey says: "Europe cannot consent to the cession of Thessaly. On the firmness which the powers now display depends the success of the whole scheme for reforms and the peace of Europe."

Plot to Murder King George.

London, May 18.—A dispatch to The Daily Mail from Berlin says it is reported there that a plot to murder King George has been discovered at Athens and that many arrests have been made.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, May 12.

In England, France and Germany the ratio of multiple birth is thirteen twins per 1,000, and 160 triplets and eight quadruplets per 1,000,000 births.

Secretary Sherman celebrated his 74th birthday with a reception at his home on K street, which was attended by the president and his cabinet.

The revolution in Honduras is ended and that country is peaceful—until the next revolution.

The prospect of an abundant crop of all kinds of fruit in Oregon is excellent.

The J. R. Dayton Tablet company's block at Quincy, Ills., was burned. Loss, $100,000.

A Snohomish (Wash.) grocer received a box of eggs from an up-river rancher, each egg being stamped, "We want good roads."

Gold exports from Mexico during the first half of the current fiscal year are officially given at $3,635,623, an increase of $1,222,192 over the amount exported in the corresponding half of the previous fiscal year.

Thursday, May 13.

Elmer Clawson, aged 19, was hanged at Somerville, N. J. He shot a former employer, Harry Hodgett, a farmer, on the morning of Aug. 29 last.

The town of Windischmatrel in the Tryol, a well-known tourist resort, has been destroyed by fire. A woman was burned to death.

Colonel H. C. Rector, commercial agent of the Cotton Belt railroad, died at his home in Memphis, Tenn., aged 51.

Fire destroyed the tannery of A. B. Patrick & Co., San Francisco. Loss, $500,000.

Colonel P. S. Rucker, of Oklahoma, weighs 497 pounds and has taken the premium as the fat man at every territorial fair.

Peru and Bolivia have submitted their territorial dispute to the arbitration of Spain.

Only a pound of maple sugar to a tree was the report of the manufacturers in the Cambridge district of Vermont this year.

Friday, May 14.

A preliminary contract for a loan of £16,000,000 ($80,000,000) has been signed at Pekin in behalf of a British syndicate.

A wagon-pole which crushed through a carriage containing J. L. Lombard, president of the Security Title and Trust company, Chicago, just missed impaling the banker.

The secretary of war has accepted the award made by the jury of condemnation in the case of the property of the Monongahela Navigation company. The jury estimated the value of the property to be thus transferred at $3,761,615.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who till her marriage at the age of 67 was the woman most talked of in England next to the queen, owing to her charities, has just celebrated her 84th birthday and is in excellent health.

The Illinois auditor of public accounts has issued a call for a statement of the condition of all state banks on the morning of May 11.

Saturday, May 15.

The court house at Lexington, Ky., was destroyed by fire, and with it Hart's statue of "Woman Triumphant."

There are 15,000 tons of corn at New York waiting a vessel to carry it to India, to the starving. Uncle Sam is to do the carrying.

Ex-Senator Richard Coke died yesterday in his home at Waco, Tex.

Christian Moerlein, one of the pioneer brewers of Cincinnati, died at his residence in Clifton, aged 84 years.

Stephen R. Mallory was elected United States senator from Flordia on the twenty-fifth ballot.

Coal which assays $6 per ton in gold and $1.50 in silver, has just been discovered at Roswell, about three miles from Colorado Springs, Colo.

From an examination of the records of the register of deeds of Douglas county, Wis., it is learned that over 1,000 marriages have been solemnized in Superior in a year for couples who reside in Minnesota.

Mrs. Mary Lee Turner, of Scott county, Tenn., gave birth to two boys and two girls, and all are well developed. The father is a miner and the mother barely 21 years of age.

Monday, May 17.

The terrible charity bazaar fire at Paris was caused by one of the cinematograph attendants letting the fumes of ether loose and then lighting a match.

Thirty-one babies have been abandoned by their mothers in New York city since April 1, almost one a day.

The Leadville, Colo., mines will be pumped out, a thirty-day job, and by Aug. 1 it is expected to begin putting miners to work.

Ex-Postmaster Justus Retsch, of Newport, Ky., indicted for embezzlement while postmaster, pleaded guilty in the United States court at Cincinnati.

John D. Young, Jr., son of John D. Young, a very prominent Kentuckian, has been sentenced to eighteen years in the pen for manslaughter in killing Clinney Fossett at Owingsville, Ky. He has asked for a new trial.

F. J. Young, for many years a prominent business man of Little Rock, Ark., and a leading member of the Second Baptist church there, committed suicide by jumping into the Arkansas river.

More Medical value in a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla than in any other preparation.

More skill, more care, more expense in manufacture. It costs proprietor and dealer

More but it costs the consumer *less*, as he gets more doses for his money.

More curative power is secured by its peculiar combination, proportion and process.

More wonderful cures effected, more testimonials, more sales and more increase. Many more reasons why you should take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

SQUARED ACCOUNTS.

HOW DE SMITH TURNED SEVERAL TABLES ON HIS FRIEND JONES.

Started In With a Shower Bath, Followed With Several Other Annoying Pleasantries and Wound Up With a Grand Onslaught of Life Insurance Agents.

"Well, I guess I've got even with Jones all right enough for all the practical jokes he has been playing on me for the last week," said De Smith gleefully, as he hung up his coat and took his seat at the luncheon table with a party of friends.

"How's that?" asked one of the friends.

"Well, Jones is a great joker, you know," explained De Smith. "He thinks it's a good thing to thump and pound like the dence on a fellow's door as he goes down the hotel corridor about 2 o'clock in the morning. He never goes to bed when a decent man should, and he rather resents it if any of his friends do. He has been pounding on my door that way now almost every morning for the past week."

"Why didn't you get up and kick him?" asked one of the party.

"I did try to three or four times," replied De Smith, "but he always got down the hall a little way and then laughed at me. But I'm even with him now. I was fixed for him when he came along this morning. I had a big pail of water fixed over the transom, and when old Jonesie came along and began thumping I pulled the string fastened to it, and I heard old Jonesie curse under his breath and mutter, 'Darn you, De Smith, I'll get even for this.' Then he walked down the hall and I looked out in time to see him shaking the water off his coat and hat."

"That was getting even pretty well, old man. I wish I could have seen him when the flood struck him," put in one of the party.

"Oh, that was all right for a starter," said De Smith, "but it wasn't half the dose I gave him after. You see, Jones has been breaking my sleep for a week, and it took more than a bucket of water to square accounts. I anticipated his visit of this morning, so last night before going to bed I left an order to call him at 6 o'clock. Old Jonesie didn't get to bed before 3 o'clock, so he didn't get much sleep before 6. Then a bell boy began to pound on his door and shout that it was time to get up. Jones shouted back to the boy to get out or he'd break his neck, but the boy replied that he had orders to get Jones out of bed and he was going to do it. Finally Jones got up in his rage and hustled down to the hotel office to find out 'what in thunder they meant by breaking his sleep that way.' The clerk told him there was an order for a call at 6 o'clock, and that was all he knew about it.

"Well, Jonesie went back to bed, but he didn't get to sleep again. I paid the bell boy enough to prevent that, and at 9 o'clock he came down to breakfast. I was down town by that time, so I rang Jonesie up on the telephone. My office boy got him on the wire and told him to wait just a moment, please. Well, Jonesie waited about five minutes and then gave the bell a vicious ring. The boy answered the ring and asked Jonesie what he wanted. 'I want to know who rang me up,' said Jonesie. 'Nobody here,' said the boy, and he said he heard Jonesie swear as he rang off.

"Well, I gave him that telephone racket three times before he caught on. He was pretty hot, I guess, when he reached his office, but I had a reception for him there. I had telephoned to a lot of my life insurance friends that Jonesie wanted to take out a policy before leaving the city in the afternoon and advised them to send a man around to see him. There were two in the office when he reached it, and five more came in during the morning.

"Jones thought he was going to do a lot of work, too, but as a matter of fact he spent the day explaining that he didn't want any life insurance or anything else but a chance to tend to his own business. One of the agents finally let it out that I had recommended Jones as a good risk, and he rang me up at once. 'I've got enough,' he says. 'I'm willing to call it all square if you are. You've got the best of it, I admit,' he squalled, so I told him I was willing to call it off if he would remember not to hammer on my door hereafter when he was going by at 8 in the morning. He replied that he wouldn't rap at my door again if the hotel was afire, and so we called it off.

"Jones has beaten me out of a whole lot of sleep of late, but I guess I'm even, fellows. What do you think?" And De Smith leaned back in his chair and looked at himself admiringly in the mirror across the room. — Chicago Times-Herald.

The Harvard Spirit.

Where so many men are working on independent lines, with so much to keep them apart and so little, comparatively, to draw them together, one may reasonably wonder whether such a thing as a common Harvard spirit any longer exists. It does exist, so men say who abide by the university and who ought to know. They see it and feel it. It does not penetrate all individuals in the same degree, but it is reckoned with and observed as a definite force. The men best qualified to judge of it insist that it makes for veracity, for a high sense of honor and for good manners.

Indifference has sometimes been charged against Harvard, and perhaps not without some basis, but not indifference to truth. That is her quest in science and in philosophy and the basis of her law in matters of conduct. Veritas was not written on the Harvard shield for nothing. The Harvard spirit may need to be awakened and nourished and kept alive, but it is worth keeping alive, for truth is its most pervasive element.—Edward S. Martin in Scribner's.

MARSHALL P. WILDER.

A Sketch of the Little Humorist as Written by Himself.

I was born nine years after Bill Nye, in the state of New York. At one year I made a kick, and my father moved me from out of the state into the city of New York. My father, being a physician, later took me to Hartford for my health, where I began to laugh and grow fat. I have been laughing ever since.

My first partner in the funny business was the red headed son of the jailer in Hartford. He played Buffalo Bill—the only one who ever played the part with red hair, but that was his conception of it. We made money. Our stage was the scaffold, which was kept in the garret, except when there was a hanging, when we took off the play.

On returning to New York city, I found myself without the red headed friend and without means. For a time I buried my talent in Bradstreet's agency as file boy at $2 per week. I mixed in so many jokes with my work that the letters didn't read seriously enough. Then I went to England and waited for things to come my way. They came in a walk, while the $20 I had left kept going in a trot. I found that living in a small hall bedroom made me narrow minded, so I staid out in the park several nights to give myself room, as well as to air my repertoy. I concluded it was weak in me to bury my gifts simply because I was in hard luck, so I began a series of free entertainments and became so popular that I began taking three cups of coffee a day, instead of one, as heretofore.

Among those who took advantage of the cheap prices was the Prince of Wales. It cost him nothing to laugh, so he laughed. Several people wanted to know what he was laughing at. He replied, "That." I had told a joke about the mother-in-law which struck the lost chord in the prince's heart and woke up a responsive, sympathetic pang. I have been charging all I could get for my services ever since. Being a Republican, I struck myself off the free list, as I no longer consider myself raw material.

For several years now I have been in this city, am known by nearly all the street car drivers, who never fail to hunt me up before I get off.

My family consists of my father, whose constant, patient companion I am. In retaliation for my "gags" he practices daily his school of homeopathy on me. It is hard to tell which gets the worst of it. We have as many rooms a we wish, but only one home. His head is silver—heart gold. We are pals.

In this autobiography I have, in my shrinking way, left out most of my strong points, as is becoming at such times. Yet, if I have unjustly slandered myself, there be others who have the right to set me square before an outraged public. Far be it from me to do myself justice. The end. Merrily yours. —Marshall P. Wilder in Empire Magazine.

GLUTTONY'S PENALTY.

Lives That Are Shortened by the Pleasures of the Table.

In spite of the warnings and commands of family physicians, in spite of the many examples of shortened lives and lives of suffering, men will yield to the seductiveness of the pleasures of the table. The spectacle of the man who overeats or who deliberately eats improper food is common enough, but rarely do we see as plain evidence of the admiration for the glutton which certain people possess as that which the daily papers some time ago afforded. A well known boniface died at an age when he ought to have been enjoying robust and vigorous health. Some slight mention was made of his business ventures, of his daily life, of his reason for living. But all this part of his existence was immateiral and uninteresting. The great and praiseworthy features of his life seem to have been gastronomic feats and a general ability to eat and drink enormously. He was lauded as the prince of bon vivants, the man who could eat a huge dinner and shortly thereafter swallow a brace of broiled lobsters and a couple of Welsh rabbits, washed down with copious libations of vintages or distillages or fermentages.

During his last illness, when his physicians enjoined rest in bed and a scrupulously careful diet, we read that he was game enough to dress and go out on the hotel porch to sit, winding up his imprudence (and incidentally his life) with a hearty meal, in defiance of the medical directions. This last piece of bravado was apparently considered by certain newspaper reporters as an achievement fit to rank with a victory on a battlefield, and the glutton was admiringly mentioned as though he were a brilliant and fearless hero, risking his life in a worthy cause.

The newspapers were not creating a sentiment, but merely catering to one already formed in thus aiding gluttony. The only conclusion we can draw is that the epicurean philosophy still has its cult, and that many a man's motto is, "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die." The case is left to the moralist.—American Medical-Surgical Bulletin.

To Make an Oyster Cocktail.

An oyster cocktail is made by putting into a glass half a dozen tiny little oysters, to which add a few drops of tabasco, a pinch of salt, a teaspoonful of worcestershire sauce, a teaspoonful of tomato ketchup and a tablespoonful of lemon juice.—Mrs. S. T. Rorer in Ladies' Home Journal.

Hard Work.

"What was the hardest work you ever did for a living?" asked the benevolent old lady of the weary pilgrim.

"Stealin, mum."—Detroit Free Press.

M. Mainganlt, the famous anatomist, discovered that by forcing air into the larnyx of a dead animal sounds could be produced very similar to those of the voice during life.

RIDING ON A STORM.

A BOAT THAT RODE RIGHT UP THE DOWNPOURING RAIN.

Unexpected Turn of a Discussion on Airships—To Win In an Argument One Needs Only to Master His Conscience and Think In a Hurry.

"I don't believe there is any such thing as an airship!" exclaimed the man who had his chair tilted back against the side of the hotel and who was allowing cigar ashes to drop on his vest.

"But people have seen it," expostulated the man who wears long red side whiskers on his head and spats on his feet.

The other members of the Curbstone club drew their chairs up closer and looked interested.

"Which simply goes to show," was the reply, "that we are living in an era of adulteration. Nobody ever saw things like that before they got to making chemical laboratories take the place of distilleries. What do we want with an airship anyhow?"

"Scientists say it's bound to come," ventured the proprietor of a white vest and a plaited shirt bosom.

"Of course scientists tell us it's coming. Scientists have families to support, the same as other people, and it's their business to keep public confidence up. And I don't deny that the airship may be coming some time. But it won't get here till conditions demand it. What could you do with an airship that can't be accomplished just as well with a trolley car or a steamship or a bicycle?"

Some drops of rain gave warning of a storm, and when the party had got settled in the smoking room the skeptic resumed:

"Supposing they do fix up an arrangement to take you up in the air. What is there to do except to come down again? Of course you can go from place to place, but a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, and what's the use of taking the extra trouble of traveling on a curve through the atmosphere? If there were some way of anchoring a cloud and starting a roof garden on it, I'd say, 'Go ahead and have the airship, by all means.' There'd be money in it."

"But," ventured he of the plaited shirt front, "it would be a nice way to travel, plenty of fresh air and room, you know."

The storm had increased outside until its noise attracted general attention. The man with side whiskers went to the door and exclaimed:

"I guess this is the worst we ever had in this part of the country."

"It might be that and still not amount to much," contemptuously responded the wearer of the ash sprinkled vest. "It's coming down in drops so far apart that you can see between them."

"They're pretty big drops, though."

"Pshaw! Compared to the real thing, this shower is nothing but a leak in a wash boiler. By the way, somebody was claiming that airship travel would be commodious and comfortable and all that sort of thing."

"I said that," came the rather timid confession.

"Did you ever try a voyage at a great altitude?"

"No."

"I thought not. If you had, you wouldn't make any such assertion.

"A number of years ago I went with a friend for a trip on Lake Erie. That's the place for storms. His boat was a small screw propeller and one of the swiftest affairs ever built. We saw a storm coming, and, in spite of our efforts to run away from it, it overtook us. Talk about rain! What we encountered there was a perpendicular river. My friend staid on deck to see that we didn't run into anything, and I, of course, stood by him. In a few minutes I realized that if something wasn't done we'd drown right in our tracks. I waited my opportunity, and presently, when a big wave came along and tilted the boat up so that the deck stood at an angle of about 45 degrees, I turned the engine loose for all there was in it. I glanced at my friend. He was white as a sheet, but he grasped my hand in token of his approval of what I was doing. It was a desperate chance, but it turned out as I had hoped. The boat began to rise steadily and swiftly on a slant. It was a time of horrible suspense, for we didn't know what minute the craft might strike a thin spot in the storm that the paddle wheels wouldn't take hold of. But we got safely to the top and both sank to the deck in utter exhaustion. When we recovered sufficiently, we took a survey of our surroundings, and I give you my word I never experienced anything more dreary than the impression made by the tremendous expanse of vacancy which met our gaze on all sides. After a few hours of it I would have given a fortune for the sight of a few telegraph poles or the sound of a train boy peddling oranges."

"How did you get down?" asked one of the group.

"We didn't bother about that. After playing seven up till we got tired of the game we turned in, and when we awakened it was broad daylight. We found that as the storm subsided we had sunk gently until we were drifting in sunshine and safety on the broad, placid bosom of Lake Erie."

"And you say you don't believe in any such thing as an airship?" queried the man with the white vest quietly.

"Of course not. And what I have just told you goes to show that it would be a lonesome and undesirable institution if we had one."

"Maybe it does," was the reply. "Maybe it does. Anyhow, it has impressed one great lesson that I shall never forget. And that is that there is no need of a man's getting the worst of any argument if he can only get the upper hand of his conscience and think in a hurry."—Washington Star.

He is a fool who cannot be angry, but he is a wise man who will not.—Seneca.

MARSEILLES.

Its Splendid Site Discovered by Greeks Twenty-five Centuries Ago.

Every sort of commerce is represented upon the quays and in the warehouses of Marseilles, writes Sir Edwin Arnold in the London Telegraph, but her principal commodities are cereals, oil seeds, coal, sugar, coffee, hides, wool and silk, which 6,000,000 tons of shipping bring take or away. Often and often, as I have myself visited this stately city, the grandeur and beauty of her situation, the brightness of her sunlit hills, and the grouping of her white rocks mirrored in the blue sea always have for me a fresh charm and always fill me with admiration for those wise Phocean Greeks who came upon this splendid site in their wandering galleys 25 centuries ago and saw at once, with the eyes of sailors and with the courage of empire founders, what an opportunity nature had here granted to the makers of history for a maritime metropolis. They were soon strong enough, those old Levantines, to defeat even the Carthaginians in Corsican waters and to conclude equal alliances with the rising power of Rome. They planted their thriving colonies all along the sunny Riviera, at Taurœis, which is now Ciotat; at Olbia, which is today Hyeres; at Antipolis, which the Frenchman of the present time names Antibes, and at Nicea, which was Italian and known as Nizza, until it became French and fashionable as Nice.

Marseilles was so enlightened and cultivated a city in the time of Tacitus that Agricola had been educated there, and it possessed temples as majestic as any in Sicily or Magna Graecia. I forget all its mediæval and modern associations when, pacing the streets and quays, I see again those dark eyes, those strongly marked profiles, the black tresses with blue lights upon their coils and braids and the elastic tread and measured steps which still make Marseilles Phocean as far as concern many among her working population. No intermixture of races has sufficed to efface the old Greek countenance and gait. You will see the same men and women under Mount Carmel in traick and abbas and embroidered shirts as you meet here going up to Notre Dame de la Garde or around the Bassin de la Joliette.

CAUGHT BY A WORD.

The Possibilities of Working a Simple Trick Two Ways.

Three young men were seated at a table in a Market street restaurant. One of them drew from his pocket and laid upon the table a silver dollar. Beside it he placed a visiting card, with a round hole about a half inch in diameter pierced through its center. Said he: "See the fat, white dollar? See the little hole in the card? Bet you the cigars I can push the big dollar through the little hole." "I'll go you," said one of his companions, "but, remember, you are to push that dollar through that hole without enlarging the hole." "That's what," responded the proposer of the feat.

Laying the dollar flat on the table, he held the card on edge just behind it. Then he produced a pencil which he shoved through the hole in the card until it touched the edge of the coin. "Pushing the dollar—through the hole, see?" "Here comes Jonesey," said the loser. "Lend me your dollar and your funny card, and I'll get revenge. Oh, I won't do a thing to Jonesey."

A lengthy, cadaverous young fellow, with a vacuous expression, drifted into the vacant place at the table. "Jonesey," said the loser of the cigars, "here's a big dollar and here's a little round hole in a card. Bet you I can put the dollar through the hole just as it is —loser to pay all four of our checks.' "Done," said Jonesey. The other proceeded to repeat the action of the first trickster. "Hold on," drawled Jonesey languidly; "your contract is to 'put' the dollar through the hole. I didn't bet you could 'push' it through the perforation. You see, dear boy, I've been up against the game hitherto."—Philadelphia Record.

An Imperial Catechiser.

Sometimes it is inconvenient not to be able to use quotation marks in speech as they are used in print. A German soldier of the First regimept of the Royal Prussian guards found this fact out not long ago.

The Emperor William is the honorary captain of the first company of this regiment and takes especial pride in it. He was lately engaged in putting its soldiers through an examination to test their military knowledge and experience.

"What would you do," he said to one soldier, "if, when on duty as a sentinel, you saw a crowd gather near you?"

"I should politely request the people to disperse, your majesty."

"Good! But if one of the men in the crowd approached you and sought to worry you?"

"I should say to him, 'Don't worry me,' your majesty."

The whole of this remark seemed so obviously addressed to one person—either to the supposed man in the crowd or to the emperor—that the emperor burst into a laugh and said, "Very well, my man. I'll disperse and will not worry you any more."—Youth's Companion.

The Laugh on Jowett.

Once when Professor Jowett was visiting his friend and pupil, Professor Sellar, he declared that he never gave to beggars. Mrs. Sellar was an adept in "mystifications," an accomplishment popular in Scotch society since Sir Walter Scott's time. She disguised herself as a poor highland woman and waylaid her husband and Jowett at a crossroad, begging importunately and telling her tale of woe so pitcously that Jowett at last said: "Poor thing! She seems very miserable. Give her half a crown." Sellar said he had no money with him, and before the alms were forthcoming the secret was triumphantly unveiled.

"THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER."

O starry flag, thy symbols mean
A higher and a holier thought
By sordid demagogues unseen,
Who know not virtue is unbought,
But, like morn's splendors, come unsought,
And that the glory of thy stars
Shines on, though diminished when day unbars
His gates, are still with glory fraught.
So shall thy stars forever be
The emblem of eternity,
And stars and stripes together wave
A beacon till the last crushed slave
On earth's remotest shore or sea
Hails the proud banner of the free.
—David H. Johnson in New York Times.

AN ABLE POLICE HORSE.

He Can Count Up to Six and Perform Other Feats.

The cleverest horse on the New York police force is Pompey, whose registered number on the books of the department is 128. Let any horse or policeman who disputes this statement step forward and prove to the contrary.

Pompey gave an exhibition of his talents for the benefit of The Sunday Journal. He can count and understands ordinary conversation. He is, in fact, almost as intelligent as a policeman.

He is the steed and inseparable companion of Roundsman Redmund P. Keresey of the Thirty-eighth precinct, which is in the annexed district. Pompey is remarkable not alone for his talents; he has also a history, which is full of human interest.

His intelligence developed so rapidly that Keresey began to teach him a few tricks. He would tickle him under the right fore leg with a straw and say, "Pompey, give me your right hand." At first the horse would raise his leg to avoid the tickling, but soon he learned to do the same thing merely when he heard the words "right hand."

The same process taught him to offer his left foot when politely asked to do so. His education went on steadily, and he learned to raise his right or his left hind leg at a mere word from his master. Keresey made the horse understand that when he used the word "papa" in conversation he referred to himself—Keresey. Thus the policeman would say, "Give papa your right hand," and the animal would understand perfectly. The horse's name also was varied occasionally to "Papa's Boy."

An interesting feature of Pompey's education was the rapidity with which he acquired knowledge. In two weeks he raised his right foot when told to. His teacher had fewer difficulties than most men who train animals. Dogs are usually found to be inattentive and unduly exuberant. The superiority of the horse lies not in greater intelligence, but in greater docility.

The next stage was to make Pompey say "Yes" or "No." A tickling on the side of the neck caused him to move his head sidewise. This was accompanied by the command, "Say no." Finally the tickling could be omitted. A tisillation of his chin taught him to move his head up and down, which meant yes.

After this Pompey began to learn to count. A light whip was placed on one of his forelegs near the ground. He raised the leg to avoid the obstacle and tapped the ground lightly. Keresey at the same time said, "Count one." Then he counted one without the use of the whip. This process was continued until Pompey was able to count six, which is his present state of proficiency.

"Say, it's 6 o'clock, time for relief," says Keresey, and Pompey gravely scrapes his fore foot six times on the ground.

He takes two steps to the right or left when told to do so, and in fact has so many accomplishments that they cannot all be enumerated here.—New York Journal.

Both Ways.

"You are a producer of petroleum, I believe?"

"I am."

"I would like to ask you a question or two."

"Go on."

"I have noticed that when oil sells high there is a great deal of activity in well drilling. Why is that?"

"That question is easily answered. We want to take all the advantage we can of high prices. That is natural enough, isn't it?"

"No doubt it is, but when the price of oil is low again prospectors are busy putting down wells. How do you explain that?"

"The explanation of that question is quite as simple as the other. When petroleum sells at a low price, we have to produce more to obtain the same return in dollars."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Point Not Well Taken.

She—John, you are a perfect bear about the house.

He—Maria, that assertion won't stand the test of science a single moment. A bear sleeps all winter. He doesn't have to get out of bed before daylight every morning to stir up the fire and call the hired girl. Try some other metaphor, Maria.—Chicago Tribune.

Supremely Exasperating.

"Don't you think Mrs. Spurrell has an awful temper?"

"She has, but can you blame the poor woman? She has a husband who just absolutely won't get mad at all."—Typographical Journal.

Dear Indeed.

"The dear, dear girls!" exclaimed Mrs. Pawkins, looking at her fashionable daughters enthusiastically.

"Yes, the dear, dear girls," muttered Mr. Pawkins despondently.—Pick Me Up.

Since the beginning of this century the use of the Italian language has greatly increased. In 1801 it was spoken by 15,070,000 people, and in 1890 it was used by 33,400,000.

The badge of office worn by the lord mayor of London contains diamonds to the value of $600,000, and the temporary owner of it has to give a bond for it before he is sworn in.

SLANG OF COLLEGE GIRLS.

The "Crush" "Dead Squelch" and Other Terms Expressive of Student Life.

College girl slang is not often heard outside of college walls. To outsiders it is chiefly interesting because it gives glimpses of college life. Take the word "prod," for example. A "prod" would scarcely be met with except in the college world, although prodigies might. It is always a question whether a girl who is called a "prod" receives the term in approbation or disgust. There are two sorts of "prods," one receiving the term from pure brilliancy in some particular line, the other for general studiousness. The latter are the most irritating, for they are always ready with answers in recitations, while the brilliant "prod" may be on the ordinary plane of intelligence when out of her particular sphere. She is a "prod" through no fault of her own. A distinctly woman's collegiate word is "crush," expressing a relationship between two girls hard to define. One girl, generally an underclassman and usually a freshman, becomes much attached to another girl, ordinarily an upperclass girl. The younger girl is "crushed" on the other, sends her flowers and tries in various ways to give expression to her admiration. The "crush" soon passes over, the admirer finding some flaw in her idol, or else, as is often the case, the "crush" at length loses its youthful sentimentality and settles down into a good friendship.

If, however, before either of these states are reached the object of the "crush" gets weary of the devotion, she resorts to what in college parlance is known as "squelching," the highest form of which is a "d. s.," or "dead squelch." This method indeed has often to be employed toward freshmen, whether "crushed" or not, to teach them their proper place. There is an unwritten but well established decree that upper class girls shall always be held as superiors. At the first of the year, for instance, before the entering class is thoroughly at home, it would be a decided breach of etiquette for a freshman to ask a mighty senior or junior to dance. She must wait to be invited. But the freshmen—well, they don't understand all these important points, but a judicious use of the "dead squelch" will teach them a good deal.

In much the same category with slang are the abbreviations rife at college. Literature is always "lit," psychology "psych," dictionary "dic." The abbreviation most in the minds of the girls at present is that dreaded monster, "exams." Volumes might be written concerning the blue state of the atmosphere during the time when every one is looking forward to the "exams." In the corridors may be heard such questions as "How many 'exams' have you got?" "Do you think we'll have one in 'lit?'" Then with gloomy foreboding, "Oh, I'm so afraid I'll flunk." Then the synonyms for hard work come into play, "grind," "dig" and "bone."—New York Sun.

BIRDS AND KITES.

The Feathered Creatures Cannot Understand the Strange Fliers.

Many amusing experiences have been the lot of the scientists who have been manipulating kites for scientific purposes, says the Chicago News. Large birds are always interested in the strange devices floating in the air and cannot quite make out what they are. Prompted by sharp curiosity, they hover around the floating kite and subject themselves to the danger of becoming entangled in the silken string and being dragged down to earth.

No bird, however, has ever alighted on a kite or attacked one. While one scientist was flying a train of five kites a couple of years ago a large, silver tipped eagle came suddenly out of the higher air and swooped round and round the first kite, looking against the sunset sky like a huge silver ball. As the train of kites was pulled in the eagle followed, visiting one kite and then another, seeming uncertain just what to do. In a few minutes, when he seemed to have decided that they were not good to eat, and he knew nothing about them, anyway, he indignantly flew off and was lost to view.

Another experience was had with a stork that came from the New Jersey side of the Hudson and flew straight for the queer object in the air. He apparently had made up his mind to go straight through it, but changed and dove underneath. He went around and above it, and through a glass it could be seen that he cocked his eye at the intruder in a most comical manner. He started away a few hundred feet, changed his mind, and came swooping back. He finally reluctantly went away, mystified over this queer addition to the inhabitants of the air.

While kites were high in the air one March flocks of geese flying in the wedge flew over. They invariably stopped, broke up, hovered above the queer object, and at last slowly reformed and flew away. While the larger birds all come from heights above the kite, the small birds of the air will alight on the string holding the kite and sway to and fro.

Cigarettes at Auction.

A party of regulars in Charterland had been out for some time in the veldt, and their supply of minor luxuries had long since given out. There was not a pipe of tobacco to be raised in the whole force, when some good, thrifty soul produced a package of cigarettes and said that he would put them up to auction. This was done, and the packet of ten pieces was disposed of in ten lots at an average price of 10 shillings each.—Johannesburg (South Africa) Standard and Diggers' News.

Brought Home to Him.

Crusht—After all, right doesn't always make might, does it?

Frankman—I don't know about that. The matrimonial rite seems to have made a mite of you.—Richmond Dispatch.

THE TOYS.

My little son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes
And moved and spoke in quite grown up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobey'd,
I struck him and dismiss'd
With hard words and unkiss'd—
His mother, who was patient, being dead.
Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed,
But found him slumbering deep,
With darken'd eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet.
And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own,
For on a table drawn beside his head
He had put within his reach
A box of counters and a red vein'd stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
A bottle of bluebells,
And two French copper coins, ranged there
with careful art
To comfort his sad heart.
So when that night I prayed
To God, I wept and said:
"Ah, when at last we lie with tranced breath,
Not vexing thee in death,
And thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood
Thy great commanded good,
Then, fatherly, not less
Than I whom thou has molded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave thy wrath and say,
'I will be sorry for their childishness.'"
—Coventry Patmore, as Originally Printed in Pall Mall Gazette.

HE MARRIED MARY.

Although he had, in addition to a local habitation, a name of his own—Peter Dunn to wit—he was always known as "the man that married Mary." By profession he was a plumber of some repute—that is to say, he knew by heart the meanderings and idiosyncrasies of every drain in the village, and he added to this experience knowledge, for he had the sense to carry about with him such white lead as was necessary to the fulfillment of his calling, instead of expecting the same to grow wild in every well ordered household—a false expectation which obtains among plumbers. For six days of the week he plumbed, but on the seventh (or rather the first) he dressed himself in a little brief authority and a sort of black nightgown, and stood revealed to the eyes of an admiring village as the verger of the parish church. It was impressive to see him conduct to such seats as he deemed meet for them the strangers within his gates, and the way wherein—during the anthem—he distributed the almsbags among the recipients for whom they were reserved was a function in itself. On one memorable occasion, when performing this last mentioned rite, he stumbled over a top hat, placed in the aisle by some unwary stranger, sent it spinning up the church, and staggered after it in hot pursuit. For one awful moment it seemed that the pillars of church and state were alike trembling, then the worthy verger righted himself, restored the stumbling block to its owner, and concluded the function, to the unfeigned delight of the sons of the rector, who longed ever afterward to present a testimonial to the unknown author of the catastrophe. The inhabitants of Cheriton did not wear top hats, and if they had they would have known better than to place such obstacles in the path of the just, so the rector's boys concluded that some alien brow had been, so to speak, the head and front of the offending, and they blessed that brow accordingly, and never forgot the great "kick off at 7 o'clock," as they called it.

But all these paltry honors and dignities paled beside the fact that Peter Dunn ("plumbing verger" or "verging plumber," whichever one was pleased to dub him) was above all things "the man that married Mary." Beside this crowning distinction all meaner honors sank into insignificance. Mary had been the reigning beauty of Cheriton for more years than she would have cared to confess to when she arrived at the conclusion that "leading apes" was not so satisfactory an occupation as marrying plumbers and so decided to espouse her devoted adorer, Peter Dunn, who had regularly proposed to her every Saturday afternoon for—well, at least 250 Saturdays, at the lowest computation. With her office as reigning beauty of Cheriton Mary Mills had combined the duties of village schoolmistress. She was a good girl, and did her work well, but she had no natural love of teaching, and she was very thankful at last to lay her occupation aside and become Mrs. Peter Dunn instead. Mary felt (as indeed did all the village, Peter included) that she had conferred an unspeakable favor upon her husband in marrying him, and to the day of her death she treated him more as a king consort than as a verger and plumber in his own right, which he undoubtedly was, for Mary was what the villagers call "genteel" and founded her ideas of men and women upon the heroes and heroines of such silly and sensational novels as came in her way, and, judged according to that standard, Peter certainly fell short of ideal manhood. As long as she lived Mary measured Peter by these stupid measurements and found him short and plain and commonplace and rough mannered. Afterward she probably learned to measure him according to the measure of a man—that is, of the angel—and discovered that her plain little plumber was more of a hero than all the men of straw she had delighted to read about in the foolish days of her flesh, but of this we have, of course, no record. Poor Mary, however, will not be the only one who will find the standards of this world all wrong in the light of the next one, and there is much comfort in this thought.

But though she looked down upon him on account of his rougher manners and inferior education Mary Dunn was sincerely attached to her good little husband, and succeeded in making the few years she was spared to him years of radiant bliss for Peter. As for him, he simply worshiped the ground on which his wife walked. Mary had a younger sister, of whom she was inordinately proud, who was a governess in a gentleman's family. She was, according to Mary, "quite the lady," and would, so Mary thought, consider it a degradation to visit so humble a home as the Dunns', which showed that poor Mrs. Dunn's standards of good breeding were as erroneous as her standards of other things. Therefore, though Mary sometimes went to see the beloved Amy, Amy never was allowed to come to Cheriton or to be brought into contact with that excellent man, her brother-in-law. Probably had she come Amy would have despised Peter as much as Mary did, for not to every one is it given to see the deeper meanings and to hear the hidden music in the common things of life—least of all to such frivolous little souls as those of the sisters Mills.

After Mary had been dead for some years a general feeling spread through Cheriton that the man that married Mary was becoming a miser. He made a very good income, and as there were no children had only himself to support now that Mary was gone, and yet he saved and screwed at every point, which brought him into disrepute at Cheriton. The charwoman who cleaned his house told thrilling tales of a tin box, securely locked, which had its abode under Peter's chest of drawers, and into this box the imagination of Cheriton transferred all the savings which Peter so carefully hoarded.

One day the rector's eldest son, Jack, now at Oxford, rushed into his father's study, crying:

"I say, dad, what do you think? The man that married Mary has been robbed of all his savings."

The rector pushed up his spectacles and gazed benignly at Jack from under them.

"Dear me, dear me, what a sad thing!" he murmured. "How much money has been stolen?"

"Nobody knows, but the tin box out of his bedroom has gone, and the poor man is demented."

"No wonder," said the kind old rector.

"The thief evidently climbed through the window while Dunn was out, as the door was locked."

"Did he take anything besides the tin box?" asked the rector.

"No," answered Jack, "for the very good reason that there was nothing else inside the house worth the carriage. There must be a pretty pot of money in that box, dad, for never a pipe in the whole village bursts without the man that married Mary being well paid for mending it, and he is remunerated for his pew opening duties, too, and yet he hardly has enough to eat, I hear, and there is nothing in his house worth a half crown piece. The savings in that old tin box must tot up to a pretty sum."

"Dear me, dear me! It is very sad, Jack, my boy, when the love of money thus takes hold of a man—very sad indeed."

"Well, the old boy is punished for it now, anyway," said Jack, with the untempered justice of the very young and inexperienced, "and I am glad of it."

"I'm not," sighed the rector. "I suppose punishments do good, but I am always sorry when there is a necessity for them. If poor Mary had lived, Dunn would never have got into these mean ways, she was such a bright, pretty, superior girl."

Which remark showed that the dispensations of Providence are wiser after all than the reasoning of the most charitable old rectors.

Later on in the day Jack Levett caught sight of a dark object lying in a ditch. He pulled it out and found it to be a tin box, with the lock pried open. In it there was nothing but a packet of letters in Mary Dunn's pretty, old fashioned writing and some faded roses, brown and crisp with age. The former he was too much of a gentleman to read, but he concluded they were love letters, as they were addressed to Peter Dunn, but as there was no money in the box he conjectured that the thief had taken what was valuable and thrown the rubbish away. So he took it straight to Dunn, with many condolences.

"I have found this box of yours in a ditch, Dunn," he said, "but I fear all the valuables have been taken out of it."

Peter seized the box and examined its contents.

"No, it's all right, Master Jack," he cried, with excitement. "Fifteen letters and 10 roses and not one missing. Oh, how can I thank you enough, sir, for restoring them to me? I shall never forget your kindness as long as I live."

Jack looked puzzled. "But wasn't there anything else in the box?" he asked.

"No, sir, this is all, and it is all I have on earth that is of any value to me. Fifteen letters that my Mary wrote me while we were courting and 10 roses that she gave me at different times. And to think that they are all safe, and not one missing. I shall never cease to bless you, Master Jack, for what you have done for me this day—never."

"I thought there must have been money in the box, you seemed in such a way about it."

"Bless you, sir, I shouldn't have made all that fuss if it had only been money. But, you see, these letters are all that I have left of my Mary, and I read them over and over again. She was a rare scholar, my Mary was."

"And so pretty, too," said Jack kindly.

"Aye, Master Jack, she was that, and the sweetest way with her. Why, I could tell you the history of each of them ten roses, and where we were standing, and what she said when she gave it to me, only I should feel somehow as Mary mightn't like it. But I say her dear words over and over to myself and never forget them, though it would seem irreverent like to repeat them to another person, even to one of the quality like yourself."

"Of course, of course," said Jack hastily, feeling a queer, uncomfortable lump in his throat, and then they went on to talk of other things. So the man that married Mary was comforted, and the hiding place of his savings remained a mystery.

A year or two after this Jack Levett was traveling in Switzerland and fell in (and out) with some people called Lawson. Mr. Lawson was a flashy young man, with a great many rings and no manners, and his wife was a pretty woman, who falsely imagined herself a lady and reveled in the delusion.

"I think I 'eard you mention you came from Cheriton in Blankshire," said Lawson one day to Jack at the table d'hote.

Now, Jack had never mentioned the fact, but Mr. Lawson had discovered it by a diligent perusal of Jack's luggage labels, whereof Jack was perfectly aware, so he answered shortly:

"Yes, I come from Cheriton."

"Then, p'raps you know a connection of my wife's who lives there—a very wealthy man," continued Lawson in an ingratiating manner.

Jack certainly knew all the wealthy people in or near Cheriton, and he also knew that they belonged to a class which would not have counted the Lawsons among their acquaintances, much less among their relations, so he cautiously inquired the name of Mrs. Lawson's kinsman.

"It's 'er brother-in-law, Mr. Peter Dunn, 'er sister's widower," explained Mr. Lawson. "Since 'er sister's death 'e 'as allowed my wife a 'undred a year, and if 'e's as rich as I imagine I think 'e might increase the allowance."

"Why?" asked Jack dryly.

"Well, you see, my wife's sister married beneath 'er, so I think it is only old Dunn's duty to pay for the privilege of being related to such a genteel family. I gather 'e isn't quite what you'd call a gentleman—not like you and me, you know."

Jack shuddered and felt an unholy desire stirring within him to knock Lawson down; but, stifling his desire, he said quietly:

"Mr. Dunn is an excellent man, and one for whom I entertain a profound respect, but you are mistaken in considering him wealthy."

Lawson's face fell. "Then you don't think 'e could increase the allowance?" he asked.

"I feel sure he could not do so, whatever his wishes might be. It is only by denying himself that he is able to make it as large as it is. Of this I am certain."

"And you don't think 'e'll have much to leave then?" inquired Lawson gloomily.

"I should say nothing. I can assure you he is a man of most limited means, and under the circumstances the allowance you mentioned is princely in its munificence."

"Oh, my word! You 'ave upset me, Mr. Levett. It's 'orrible to 'ave common relations who aren't even rich, don't you think? Riches is the only excuse for commonness, to my mind."

"Pardon me," said Jack stiffly. "You are deluded in thinking that Mr. Dunn was in any way inferior to his wife or her sister. For my part I can only say that I am proud to count him among my friends," and Jack stalked off in high dudgeon.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Mr. Lawson meditatively. "To think of Amy's old brother-in-law turning out to be not so rich or so common as we thought. 'E must be something particular if that young swell counts 'im among 'is friends, for a more unfriendly, stuck up chap I never met. 'E won't chum with me at any price. But I'm glad to 'ear Amy's people aren't as common as I thought. I despise commonness and 'ave always prided myself on being quite the gentleman, but I can't help feeling a bit 'urt at that young Levett not being more affable with me."

And it was several days before Mr. Lawson's self satisfaction recovered from the bruise Jack had administered to it.

When Jack Levett reached home, he endeavored to persuade Peter to cease to deny himself for the sake of such worthless people as the Lawsons, but in vain.

"Bless you, sir, I don't do it to please them; I do it to please my Mary, and she'd set her heart on Amy bein quite the lady."

"But they are so ungrateful, so unworthy," argued Jack, "and I don't believe the money does them any real good."

Peter laughed. "But that don't matter to me," he said. "I do what Mary wanted, and I don't bother about anything else. If Mary had wanted me to throw my money into the river, into the river my money would ha' gone. I don't want money's worth for my money; I only want to please my Mary. The squire spends his money on hunters, not because he wants to kill foxes for food, but because he loves huntin for its own sake. You spend your time on cricket, not because you are paid for it, but because you love cricket for its own sake, and pleasin Mary is my huntin and cricket, don't you see?"

"That's it, is it?" said Jack quietly.

"The only joy I ever had in my life was Mary, and the only pleasure I have now is doin what I think Mary would wish. And when I meet my Mary again I know she'll be rarely pleased to hear how I have toiled and saved to please her, and as to how the Lawsons spent the money. Why, bless you, Master Jack, do you suppose that when me and my Mary are together once more we'll be worryin our heads about such rubbish as the spendin o' money?"

And Jack Levett felt that he ought to take off his hat in the presence of the man that married Mary.—Young Woman.

Reassured Him.

Office Boy—Dere's a gent outside wot wants t' see youse on urgent business. Says dat he's frum Phillydelphy.

Editor—Well, say to him that he need have no alarm. Lee has surrendered, peace is restored and confidence regained. But break it to him gently.—New York Journal.

According to recently compiled statistics, the Bible is now printed in 381 languages, 52 versions having been added in the last five years. Forty-two of these versions are credited to English and Scotch societies, and 5 to American societies.

A QUEER ADJUTANT.

AN ARMY INCIDENT RELATED BY A RETIRED OFFICER.

The Peculiar Conduct of an Adjutant at a Montana Post While the Commanding Colonel Was Absent—How the Mystery Was Solved Two Years Later.

"It has never been in the newspapers," remarked the retired army officer, referring to something he had been saying as the reporter joined the group.

"It must have happened 1,000 miles from a printing press or a postoffice then," ventured the reporter, who has an idea that everything worth knowing is to be found in the newspapers.

"I was just on the point of telling a story," said the officer, "of a peculiar happening which occurred some twenty odd years ago in Montana. To make it a bit clearer, I may say for the benefit of those not posted on military matters that the country is divided for military purposes into departments and districts, having a major general, let us say, in command of a department and some subordinate in command of the district. In the department are several districts, and in the district are several posts, the post commanders being of still lower rank. In this instance a colonel had been given the district of Montana, and, as was customary, he had appointed the adjutant of his regiment, a West Pointer, by the way, as his acting assistant adjutant general, whose chief duty it was to promulgate the orders of his chief, said orders always being signed, Colonel Blank, district commander; Lieutenant Blank, acting assistant adjutant general, and it was obligatory, of course, upon any one in the jurisdiction of Colonel Blank to obey these orders without question.

"As time moved on under the new commander and his A. A. A. G. we began to notice that the adjutant had queer spells and acted strangely, but it was not quite enough to cause alarm, and we gave it no great amount of thought until one day he left the post with a detail of men, a four mule team hauling their stuff and driving along with them a lot of government horses and mules. The colonel commanding had left the day before for St. Paul to attend a court martial, and the officer in command during his absence had nothing to say, because the adjutant showed him the orders of the district commander to the effect that he take such a detail and the stock and go on an expedition to the south to deliver them at another post. That's all any of us at the post knew, and, whatever we may have thought of it, it was none of our business to question orders which were as plain and regular as apparently were those the adjutant was acting on.

"Nearly three weeks after the adjutant's departure the detail of men and their four mule team returned to the post in command of the sergeant, who reported that he had been ordered by the adjutant to return to the post with the men and team and he would report later. This was the extent of the official report, but some of us concluded we would make some further inquiry, which developed the rather startling fact that the adjutant had proceeded south for two weeks at a very leisurely pace, selling as he went along to any one who would purchase at any price he could get the horses and mules he had with him in his train, and he had kept going as long as his stock lasted. As soon as the supply was exhausted the detail was ordered back to the post.

"On this information the colonel, on his return a few days later, made an investigation of the adjutant's books and papers and of those officers who had furnished him with all he took away with him, and it was discovered that every man who had anything in charge that the adjutant wanted to complete his expedition could show a proper order for the same duly signed by the district commander and by the acting assistant adjutant general. Everything was done regularly, and of course every subordinate who had received any orders from the adjutant had hastened to obey, until all he needed had been turned over to him and the whole had been duly authenticated. Nor was it forgery exactly, for the adjutant was very nearly acting within his powers as far as signing his chief's name was concerned, anyhow.

"Then the colonel and everybody else made an effort to find the adjutant, who had disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed him. Nothing came of it, however, and his army and home friends had given the case up in despair, when one day at a post in Arizona, nearly two years afterward, the lieutenant who had just arrived at the post met an enlisted man somewhere about the place who seemed like some one he knew. He watched the man for a few minutes and then went after him. He at once called the soldier by the name of the adjutant, who had been his classmate at the academy, and the adjutant responded, but could only vaguely explain why he had disappeared and, stranger still, why he had gone back into the army as a private soldier. Of course the lieutenant at once had an investigation set on foot, which resulted in a private hearing, which further resulted in the squelching of the case on the ground of mental aberration and the return of the demented man to his home.

"At last accounts, which was two years ago, he was still living, and though not to say crazy, was beyond any question very decidedly off, so that it is probably just as well that a verdict of insanity was returned and Uncle Sam shouldered the loss of his horses and mules in silence."—Washington Star.

Comforting.

The Bride—Why, George! Why did you give the minister so much?

The Bridegroom—Policy, you know, Carrie. May want to employ him again in the same way some day.—Boston Transcript.

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MUSIC FOR THE EMPEROR.

A Pathetic Bit of History Concerning Frederick William of Germany.

A charming and pathetic bit of history concerning the Emperor Frederick William of Germany, who died in 1888, was once written by Mr. R. von Hagen, and entitled "The First and Last Adagio." In substance the story ran as follows:

In 1844 the future emperor of Germany was a lad of 13. One day as Reichardt, his music master, was about to leave him at the close of a lesson, the young prince asked him to wait a moment.

"Herr Reichardt," said he, "my father's birthday, the 22d of March, will soon be here, and Dr. Curtius thinks it would be very nice if I were to learn a new piece as a surprise for him on that day. Will you kindly choose something that you think might do? Only, mind, it must be very difficult, so that papa shall see I have taken great pains, as that will please him more than anything else. What he likes best is one of those soft, slow pieces with a great deal of expression in it."

Herr Reichardt turned over his music, and by and by paused a moment as if considering whether a certain piece would answer the purpose.

"Have you found me something?" asked the prince.

"I am afraid your royal highness is hardly far enough advanced," replied Reichardt, "This is so very difficult. It is the adagio from Schumann's sonata in *F* sharp minor, but it won't do, I fear. There is so little time in which to learn it."

"Ah, but Herr Reichardt," broke in the prince, "I will work so hard! Do please let me have it. It must do—it shall do."

By dint of great trouble and perseverance the task was finally accomplished, and on the 22d of March the young prince played Schumann's grand movement quite correctly and with much feeling, to his father's great surprise and pleasure.

As a reward for his industry Prince Frederick William received a turning lathe fitted up with every necessary implement, and great was his excitement and delight.

Forty-four years later the beloved Emperor Frederick lay dying in the castle of Friedrichskron. During the last few days of his life he was unable to speak, but his family and those around him interpreted his signs, so that he was almost entirely spared the trouble of writing.

Four days before he died, when the empress inquired if there were anything he wished, he waited a moment and then, with both hands, imitated the movement of a pianist.

"Will it not be too much for you?" asked the empress. The emperor shook his head and then wrote on his tablet: "I should so like to hear some music. Could not Rufer, Victoria's master, come and play something?"

A message was sent, and the composer of "Merlin" came at once and seated himself at the piano in the room next to the emperor's, the folding doors having been opened. He played piece after piece, to the emperor's evident pleasure, till at last the empress said to the invalid gently:

"Are you sure this does not tire you? I am so afraid the excitement may do you harm."

The emperor smiled and wrote on his tablet: "Just one more. I should like an adagio from one of the sonatas. That shall really be the very last."

The musician received the message and again began to play. The sick man beckoned to the empress and wrote these words with feverish haste: "Forty-four years ago I learned this very adagio and played it to my father on his birthday, of course not so well as he plays it. It is out of the sonata in F sharp minor. Very beautiful! Please thank Rufer. This is the last. Now I will go to sleep."

It was indeed the last earthly music to which he ever listened—a tender farewell from the art he loved most dearly.—Youth's Companion.

A Singing Squirrel.

It was several years ago that, while gunning one day in the woods near Dover, N. H., my attention was drawn to what seemed the singing of a bird somewhere among the branches at a little distance away. The note was so peculiar that I turned my steps toward the sound to see what species of bird was making it. It was some time before I could trace the note to its source. Then I found out that it came from a red squirrel sitting upright on a bough, singing away as if in love with his own melody. At sight of me he stopped, but as I remained perfectly still he presently piped up again.

As to the quality of his melody, I should compare it to the single note of a canary unusually prolonged, with no variations except in rising or falling and increase or decrease of volume. It may have been a call to a mate. It certainly had nothing in it of the scolding character associated with the chittering of the northern red squirrel. There was no movement of the throat that I could discover in the production of the sound. From time to time he would stop his singing, and presently, after three or four minutes, would start up again, always in the beginning with a low note which increased in volume until snorty before the next pause. I remained on the spot a half hour listening, and went away leaving the squirrel singing away with as vigorous a note as ever.—New York Sun.

At Waterloo.

It was just previous to the battle of Waterloo. The Duke of Wellington was eating. Before he finished his repast he remarked: "I enjoyed that meat, especially the Bonaparte, and now of Corsican go some pastry. Bring me a Napoleon."

After the battle was over he said of the opposing general, "Waterlooser he was."—Twinkles.

Two Women In This Case.

There are two brothers in Detroit who now look the other way when they pass by. This is all the more to be noticed because two boys more affectionate toward each other never grew up together. It is not very long since there was a double wedding in which they participated as principals. They did not take the same wedding trip and did not see much of each other till each was settled under his own vine and fig tree.

"Prince," said Charley when they made their first visit as benedicts, "I congratulate you with all my heart. You have a charming little wife."

"That's right, old man. Same to you. I'm in great luck, getting the sweetest, prettiest, smartest woman in the world."

"I'll acknowledge that she's a good second in the race, Prince, a splendid second, but the superlatives you have used belong to my wife. She is a shade or two the best of any other woman on earth."

"All right. You keep right on thinking that way, but in figure, feature, mind and all the graces of her sex I married the nonpareil. I'm not trying to dispel any of your delusions, but facts are facts."

"You make me weary. I know a score of women that will compare very favorably with your wife, and I'll give you the whole human family in which to find one like mine."

"I don't care to find one like her. Fortunately for me I have the pick of the flock now. Some men have no sense, anyhow, where there is a woman concerned."

Then the argument descended into the calling of names, the saying of much more than was meant and a final agreement that they were eternally done with each other. After awhile the wives will come out of the clouds and make it up.—Detroit Free Press.

Astrology and Horse Racing.

Lord Rosebery's horoscope has been drawn, or cast, or whatever may be the proper term, by the editor of "Zadkiel's Almanac," and not least interesting of the astrologer's statements is his assertion that the computations were made "by permission." As his lordship has not been moved to deny this it may be regarded as true and adds credibility to Augustus J. C. Hare's revelations as to the trend toward supernaturalism which marks the British aristocracy. Most of the so called horoscope is sheer gibberish, but it contains a few amusing sentences and a few prophecies definite enough to be dangerous to the maker. "Zadkiel" says that Mars has dominion over Lord Rosebery's mind, and he quotes Claudius Ptolemy, whoever he may be, as declaring that the "influences of this star render men noble, imperious, versatile, powerful in intellect, acute, self reliant, stern and able in government." Jupiter and Mercury also took a hand in the favored statesman's destiny, and thus "configuration," it appears, makes a person "fit for much business, fond of learning, public orators, temperate, skillful in counsel, politic, beneficent, able in government." The evil influence was Saturn. This star "marred the public career of Lord Rosebery and brought him many sinister and bitter enemies, even among his own party." That was cruel of Saturn, but better days are coming. "His lordship's fifty-third year," says "Zadkiel," "will bring some good directions into operation, promising advancement and success. He has a very good chance of winning the Derby on the 2d of June next with his fine colt Velasquez." Thus is astrology reduced to the giving of racing tips.—New York Times.

Forty four-horse teams, driven by Indians, were in Klamath Falls, Ore., from the agency the other party, after the regular spring supply of seed grain that is furnished by Uncle Sam.

Misfortune has overtaken William Byers, who owned a 600-acre crabapple farm of 20,000 trees near Leavenworth, Kas., and his place has been seized by creditors. It was supposed to be the largest crabapple orchard in the world.

While playing in a vacant lot at Chicago, Charles Lempke, 9 years old, was killed by a heavy plank falling on him off a high lumber pile.

The Peabody Museum, of Harvard university, has transferred the custodianship of the great serpent mound in Adams county, O., to the Ferris Memorial library, of Madisonville, Hamilton county, O.

Obituary: At Rome, Cardinal Camillo Siciliano di Rende, archbishop of Benevento, 50. At Pomeroy, O., Editor J. W. Dumble, 67.

The new extradition treaty with the United States has been signed at Rio Janeiro

SAW LINCOLN KILLED

WILLIAM WITHERS, LEADER OF FORD'S ORCHESTRA, TELLS HIS EXPERIENCE.

Had Written a Song For That Particular Performance—Was on the Stage and Booth Struck Him With a Dagger—He Was First to Identify the Assassin.

At the Professional Woman's league, while the members worked diligently over the novelties being made for the coming bazaar, the question came up, "Is there anybody living who saw Lincoln assassinated?"

Immediately everybody had something to say about somebody else who had a friend who was at the theater that night. The most interesting story was told of William Withers, Jr., now orchestra leader for Mr. Daly, but at the time of the assassination leader of the orchestra of Ford's theater.

Mr. Withers enjoys the distinction of having not only been at the theater the night Lincoln was assassinated, but of having been pierced by the dagger of the assassin just a few moments after Booth had fired the shot that made Lincoln a martyr. Every time he goes to Washington he is requested to tell this story, and, although many and varied are the recitals of this thrilling event, Mr. Withers' is somewhat different from the others. Here is the story as he tells it in the Washington Post:

"I was leader of the orchestra at the time, and as the president was to witness the performance of 'Our American Cousin' I thought that, as befitted the occasion, I would compose a song. So I did. It was entitled 'Honor to Our Soldiers' and dedicated to the president. This was to be sung between two of the acts by a quartet I had engaged and the entire company, who were to be attired in the American colors.

"As I was on my way to the theater I met John Wilkes Booth just in front of George Harry's saloon, which adjoined the theater. It was a sultry night, and Booth had his overcoat over his arm. 'Good evening, Billy,' he said. 'Come and have something?'

"As I was leaving to enter the theater Booth remarked, 'I'll witness the performance tonight.' I noticed nothing strange about his demeanor and subsequently saw him as I was coming out for the overture.

"Soon the president, his wife, Major Rathbone and Robert and Tad entered their box. I signaled for 'Hail to the Chief,' and the audience cheered, and the president turned smilingly and bowed. Then he seated himself, and with his accustomed modesty drew the curtains half across the box.

"After the first act J. P. Wright, the stage manager, sent me word he would be unable to have the special song sung at that time, but he would try to have it rendered between the second and third acts. A similar message was sent to me at the close of the second act, and I became somewhat exercised. I started to go upon the stage when I saw Booth on the balcony walking down the aisle in the direction of the president's box. He was seemingly attentive toward the acting, for the curtain had again gone up. I encountered a scene shifter, Spangler, whose office I afterward learned was to turn out the lights in the theater as soon as the shot was fired. He obstructed my passage.

"'What do you want here?' he demanded. In reply I told him it was none of his business. Mr. Wright appearing, Spangler left his position on the stage alongside the box in which was the apparatus for illuminating the theater. I closed the lid of the box and sat upon it to talk to the manager, unconscious that I was spoiling the plan.

"Mr. Wright told me the song would be sung at the close of the performance, and Miss Keene had sent word to the president requesting him to stay to hear it.

"I was just about to return to the orchestra when the crack of a revolver startled me. All was quiet instantly. I saw a man jump from the president's box on to the stage. It was Booth. He ran directly toward the door leading into the alley. This course brought him right in my path. He had a dagger in his hand, and he waved it threateningly. He evidently did not recognize me, for he appeared like a maniac. His eyes seemed starting from their sockets, and his hair was disheveled.

"With head down, he ran toward me and cried, 'Let me pass!' He slashed at me, and the knife cut through my coat, vest and underclothing. He struck again, the point of the weapon penetrating the back of my neck, and the blow brought me to the floor. I watched him make his exit into the alley and caught sight of the horse, held by 'Peanut John.'

"The commotion in the audience was something terrible. Several actors, including Harry Hawke, rushed out, and a man who proved to be a detective lifted me up and said, 'I arrest you.'

"'What's this all about?' I asked. 'I'm stabbed.' I was quickly told what was the matter. The thought flashed across my mind that Booth was the assassin.

"I was taken to the police station, and my deposition was received in the presence of Mayor Wallach. That was, I believe, the first intimation that they had of the identity of the murderer. I was at the trial of the conspirators and the second to give testimony. My wound healed in a short time."

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Kissed by the morning dew,
Yet never rose brief summer knows
So fair, my love, as you.
And when vile winter wilts the leaf
And the pink petals come to grief,
Stay, love, and shame the rose.

My love hath bosom like the snow,
Less cold and doubly fair.
But when earth's wintry fleece must go,
When spring breathes in the air
And flowers spring to bless the sight,
Love rules the heart with added might
Stay, love, and shame the snow.

My love's dark eye shines like a star
When the rude day has fled.
Aye, fairer far, thy avatar
Brings blessings on my head.
The star, that distant bides, is wise
To shrink from rivaling thy eyes.
Stay, love, and shame the star.
—J. L. Heaton in "The Quilting Bee."

Grant as a Thinker.

In "Campaigning With Grant," in The Century, General Horace Porter says: It was an interesting study in human nature to watch the general's actions in camp. He would sit for hours in front of his tent, or just inside of it looking out, smoking a cigar very slowly, seldom with a paper or a map in his hands, and looking like the laziest man in camp. But at such periods his mind was working more actively than that of any one in the army. He talked less and thought more than any one in the service. He studiously avoided performing any duty which some one else could do as well or better than he, and in this respect demonstrated his rare powers of administration and executive methods. He was one of the few men holding high position who did not waste valuable hours by giving his personal attention to petty details. He never consumed his time in reading over court martial proceedings or figuring up the items of supplies on hand or writing unnecessary letters or communications. He held subordinates to a strict accountability in the performance of such duties and kept his own time for thought. It was this quiet but intense thinking and the well matured ideas which resulted from it that led to the prompt and vigorous action which was constantly witnessed during this year, so pregnant with events.

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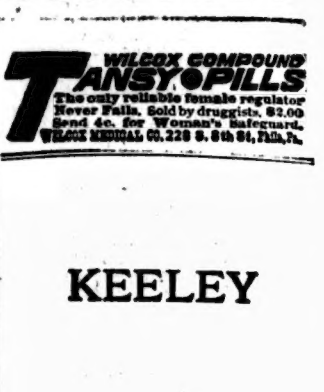

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